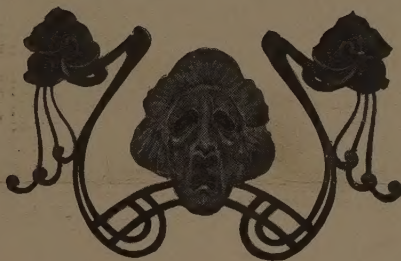


Theatre Magazine

Vol. XL, 1924



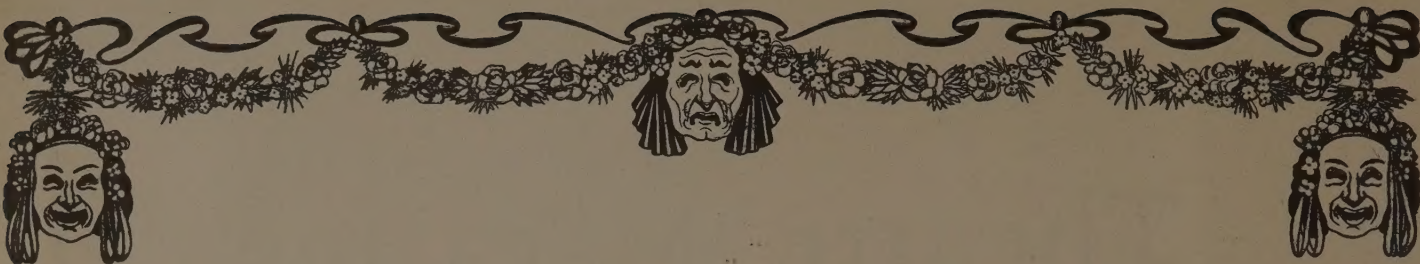
050

NEW YORK

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

2 West Forty-fifth Street



CONTENTS

Special Articles

A Stage Vamp On Women—October.....	22	Looking Back at the Princess Shows—July.....	10	Pricking the Foreign Bubble—September.....	20
A Woman Playwright's Secret—September.....	24	Man Behind the Actors, The—August.....	9	Say Something Nice About Me, Old Chap—October..	20
Are Critics Infallible Or Just Nervous?—August..	20	Men Who Write the Hits (Anderson and Stallings)—	28	Sex Plays on the Boulevards—August.....	22
Art in 'The Open Spaces'—September.....	22	December.....		Something to Worry About—December.....	20
Beware of Ideas—September.....	9	Men Who Write the Hits (Martin Brown)—Novem-	10	Spoiled? Well They Ought to Be—August.....	25
Congreve's Wit to Amuse Broadway—December....	12	ber.....		Stage Effects and How to Get Them—July.....	12
Gémier's Superb Art to Delight Broadway—Novem-	9	Men Who Write the Hits (Hatcher Hughes)—Octo-	10	Theatre of the Future, The—August.....	12
ber.....		ber.....		The Equity Fight—What Has It Accomplished?—	
Hassan—London Hit Coming to Broadway—Septem-	12	Men Who Write the Hits (George Kelly)—August..	10	August.....	43
ber.....		Men Who Write the Hits (Lynn Starling)—Septem-	10	The First Night, Then and Now—September.....	19
Ideas vs. Bricks and Money—December.....	9	ber.....		"The Management Regrets to Announce"—August..	19
Intimate Memories of Lotta—December.....	26	Million Dollar Hit, The—July.....	19	The Revues—As Their Makers See Them—Decem-	
Is Nudity Salacious?—November.....	12	Mimes of the Microphone—November.....	24	ber.....	10
Japanese Players to Invade New York—July.....	22	Most Hated Man on Broadway—November.....	20	Three New Theatrical Sensations—September.....	17
Lady With the Beautiful Hands, The—December....	22	Motor Theatre Brings Good Drama to the Farm—	12	Two for To-night—October.....	24
Laughs While You Wait—December.....	24	October.....		Wanted—A Leader in Our Theatre—July.....	9
London Plays to Thrill Broadway—October.....	9	Passing of the Angels, The—November.....	22	When the Worm Turns—July.....	20

Scenes from Plays

Bewitched—December.....	14	Minick—December.....	18	The Green Beetle—October.....	14
Dancing Mothers—October.....	17	Sitting Pretty—July.....	18	The Passing Show—November.....	26
Expressing Willie—July.....	14	The Best People—October.....	14	What Price Glory—November.....	14
Hassan—September.....	13	The Bride—August.....	14		
Havoc—November.....	18	The Dream Girl—September.....	14		

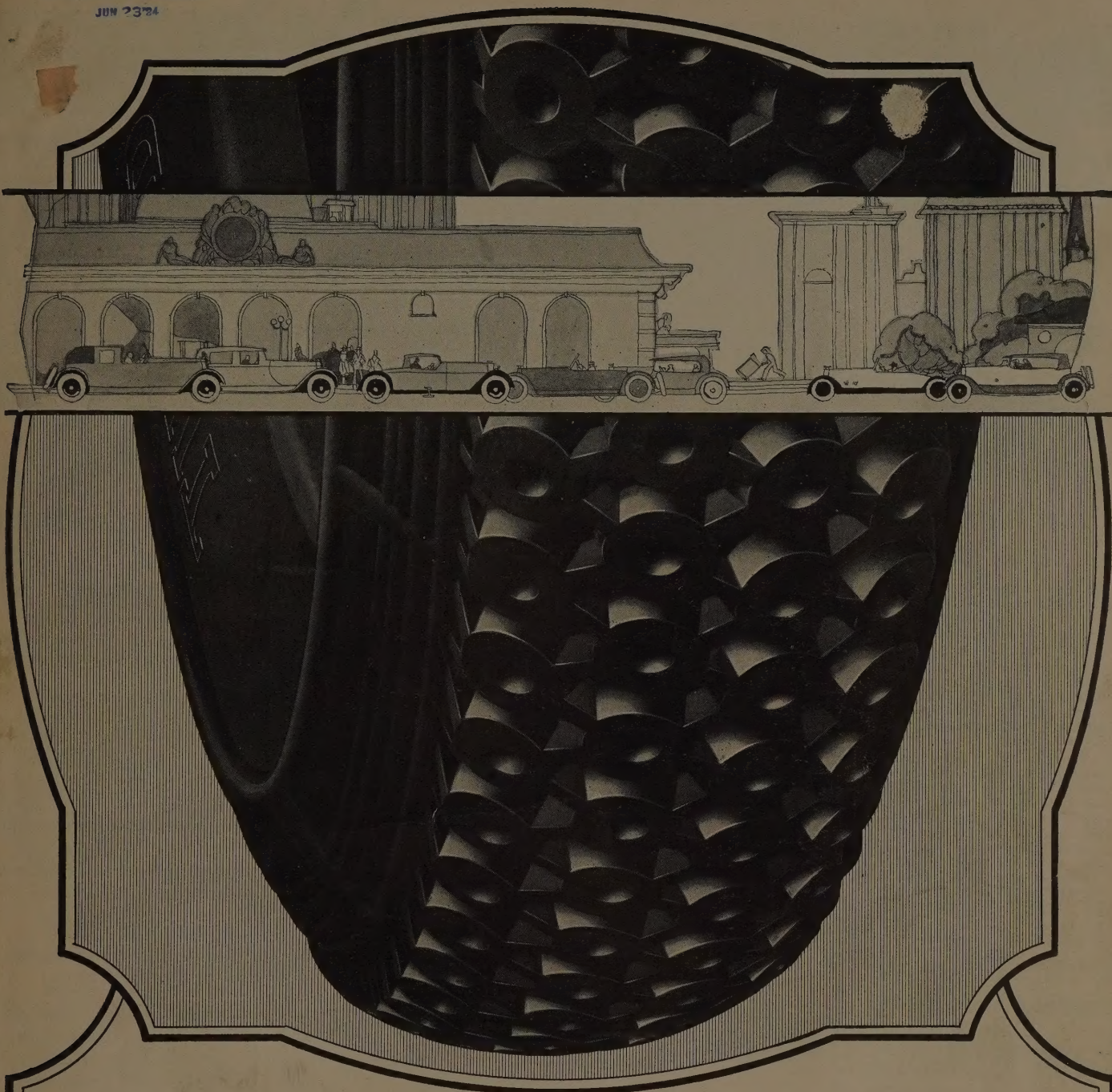
Plays Reviewed

All God's Chillun Got Wings—July.....	15	In His Arms—December.....	76	The Busybody—December.....	70
Artists and Models of 1924—December.....	64	Innocent Eyes—August.....	15	The Dream Girl—October.....	16
Ashes—December.....	76	Izzy—November.....	70	The Fake—December.....	62
Be Yourself—November.....	19	Keep Kool—August.....	70	The Far Cry—December.....	15
Bewitched—December.....	19	Lazybones—December.....	15	The Farmer's Wife—December.....	19
Bombastes Furioso—September.....	15	Leah Kleschna—July.....	16	The Firebrand—December.....	16
Catskill Dutch—July.....	15	Marjorie—October.....	15	The Grab Bag—December.....	70
Chocolate Dandies—November.....	70	Minick—December.....	16	The Green Beetle—November.....	19
Cobra—July.....	16	My Son—December.....	64	The Guardsman—December.....	15
Conscience—November.....	62	Nerves—November.....	16	The Haunted House—November.....	19
Dancing Mothers—October.....	15	No Other Girl—October.....	16	The Kreutzer Sonata—July.....	15
Easy Street—October.....	15	Pigs—November.....	72	The Locked Door—August.....	16
Flame of Love—July.....	16	Plain Jane—August.....	16	The Mask and the Face—November.....	62
Flossie—August.....	15	Rose Marie—November.....	16	The Passing Show of 1924—November.....	16
Great Music—December.....	64	Scandals of 1924—September.....	15	The Right to Dream—August.....	15
Greenwich Village Follies—November.....	16	So This Is Politics—August.....	16	The Tantrum—November.....	15
Grounds for Divorce—December.....	16	Sweeney Todd—September.....	15	The Werewolf—October.....	64
Havoc—November.....	16	That Awful Mrs. Eaton—December.....	19	Tiger Cats—December.....	62
Hazzard Short's Ritz Revue—November.....	70	The Best People—October.....	19	Top Hole—November.....	72
High Stakes—November.....	19	The Bride—July.....	16	What Price Glory—November.....	15
I'll Say She Is—August.....	16				

Portraits

Alexandresco—July	30	Ford, Mabel—October	37	Meyer, George—December	27
Allen, Fred—August	17	Foster, Lillian—November	23	Michay, Alice—August	37
Anderson, Judith—July	21	Frederick, Pauline—September	31	Miller, Marilyn—December	25
Anderson, Maxwell—December	28	Frisco—December	37	Miller, Ray—September	23
Arnold, Roberta—July	13	Fuller, Jeanne—August	37	Millman, Virginia—August	19
Bachaus, Wilhelm—November	35	Gahagan, Helen—July	13	Milton, Robert—August	9
Bainter, Fay—November	21	Gémier, Firmin—November	9	Monterey, Carlotta—December	33
Ballantine, E. J.—July	5	Gémier, Firmin—December	29	Moore, Colleen—September	33
Ballester, Vincents—October	35	Gershwin, George—December	27	Mordkin, Mikhail—December	21
Barker, Julie—November	27	Gish, Lillian—October	31	Moreno, Antonio—July	32
Barrymore Family—August	23	Glynde, Rita—September	38	Morgan, Ralph—July	13
Barthelmess, Richard—December	33	Godowsky, Dagmar—September	33	Morgana, Nina—August	35
Barton, James—November	26	Golschmann, Vladimir—December	34	Morrison, Abby—October	35
Bayne, Beverly—September	31	Godre, Mona—July	35	Murray, Mae—December	33
Bennett, Enid—November	33	Grattan, Lawrence—November	24	Myers, Carmel—July	31
Berlin, Irving—December	27	Gray, Gilda—August	21	Myers, Carmel—July	33
Bernie, Ben—September	23	Griffith, Corinne—September	33	Myrtill, Odette—July	27
Berry, Marion—September	27	Guitry, Sacha—August	22	Nathan, George Jean—November	20
Blair, Mary—August	42	Gustine, Harriet—November	26	Nazimova, Alla—September	30
Blue, Monte—December	31	Hackett, Jeanette—August	37	Negri, Pola—December	33
Bohm, Adolf—October	23	Hamilton, John F.—July	28	Novikoff, Laurent—November	17
Bolton, Guy—July	10	Hampden, Walter—July	9	O'Dear, Bonna—November	27
Bonelli, Richard—September	35	Hampton, Hope—September	33	Oehman, Martin—December	27
Bonetti, Mary—December	35	Harding, Ann—November	11	Olsen, Moroni—September	22
Boreo, Emil—August	27	Hayes, Helen—August	18	Omura—October	6
Bori, Lucrezia—July	35	Hayes, Helen—November	29	Onefrei, Demetri—October	35
Bourskaya, Ina—August	35	Herne, Chrystal—July	8	Pavlova—November	17
Boyd, William—November	23	Hines, Elizabeth—November	23	Piccaver, Alfred—November	35
Breton, Ruth—November	35	Hughes, Hatcher—October	13	Powell, Lillian—September	23
Bronson, Betty—November	31	Hunter, Louise—August	35	Printemps, Yvonne—August	22
Brooks, Louise—October	21	Ingram, Rex—August	31	Prior, Allan—November	27
Brown, Martin—November	10	Irwin, John—November	38	Pryor, Ruth—August	37
Bruce, Dorothy—November	26	Ivognun, Maria—July	35	Reynolds, Vera—September	31
Bryan, Gertrude—August	41	Jewel, Betty—August	30	Riesenfeld, Hugo—September	18
Buck, Gene—December	27	Jones, Henry Arthur—September	9	Ring, Blanche—December	38
Burke, Billie—December	17	Jones, Isham—September	23	Rolando, Rose—September	23
Byton, Dorothy—October	36	Johns, Florence—November	23	Roselle, Anne—October	35
Calvert, Catherine—November	36	Johnson, Edward—July	35	Roshanara—November	5
Carillo, Leo—December	38	Johnston, Justine—November	36	Ruth, Joan—December	35
Carpenger, Anne—October	29	Karsavina, Thamar—November	34	Sale, Chic—December	37
Cassinelli, Dolores—November	36	Keane, Doris—July	21	Savage, Nellie—December	11
Chamlee, Ruth Miller—September	35	Keane, Doris—December	38	Savo, Jimmy—August	17
Clark, Bobby—July	37	Keaton, Buster—August	23	Schildkraut, Rudolph—December	38
Clarke, Grant—December	27	Keen, Malcolm—September	12	Serafin, Tullio—July	34
Clasper, Edith—October	34	Kelly, George—August	32	Seyern, Margaret—September	25
Clifton, Chalmers—August	34	Kelly, Peggy—December	32	Shawn, Ted—November	13
Coakley, Marion—November	23	Kennedy, Madge—August	38	Simone, Mme.—December	29
Coburn, Mrs.—December	38	Kenyon, Doris—November	30	Smith, Queenie—September	18
Cohan Family—August	23	Kerne, Jerome—July	10	Soroya, Bianca—October	35
Colman, Ronald—October	31	Kerne, Jerome—December	27	Specht, Paul—September	23
Conrad, Con—December	27	Keys, Nelson—August	17	Stallings, Laurence—December	28
Cook, Joe—October	8	Keys, Nelson—August	27	Stamper, Dave—December	27
Cook, Olga—November	26	La Roque, Rod—July	33	Starling, Lynn—September	10
Cornelys, Pauline—September	35	Larsen-Todsen, Nanny—December	35	Stengel, Madelen—July	27
Dal Monte, Toti—October	34	Laurell, Kay—September	16	Stevens, Emily—July	21
Daniels, Bebe—July	27	Lawrence, Gertrude—July	13	Stevenson, Henry—November	29
Darling, Edward—October	33	Lawrence, Gertrude—August	17	Swanson, Gloria—July	31
Davies, Marion—September	33	Lawrence, Gertrude—October	19	Swanson, Gloria—November	33
Davis, Ann—July	38	Leonard, Eddie—December	37	Sweet, Blanche—August	33
Dean, Priscilla—August	32	Lerch, Georgia—October	31	Talmadge, Constance—July	33
de Luca, Giuseppe—July	25	Leslie, Edgar—December	27	Tamar, Amera—October	37
Denizen, Helen—September	25	Lieber, Fritz—July	13	Taylor, Estelle—July	33
de Sylva, Buddy—December	27	Lillie, Beatrice—August	17	Taylor, Eva—November	24
Dooley, Gordon—July	37	Lopez, Vincent—September	23	Taylor, Laurette—November	33
Dooley, Johnny—August	17	Loraine, Robert—October	9	Tearle, Conway—December	33
Draper, Ruth—November	36	Lorber, Martha—September	18	Tearle, Noel—July	13
Duse, Eleanora—December	22	Lord, Pauline—November	36	Terry, Alice—December	33
Dux, Claire—November	35	Lord, Pauline—December	5	Thornton, Renee—September	35
Eley, Helen—August	25	Lotta—December	26	Torrence, Ernest—July	31
Ellis, Mary—November	25	Lunt, Alfred—August	8	Turrill, Celia—August	35
Errol, Leon—December	24	MacKellar, Helen—December	38	Vadie, Maryon—October	37
Errolle, Ralph—December	35	Maddern, Merle—July	21	Valentino, Rudolph—November	33
Farley, Morgan—November	11	Manville, Lorraine—September	21	Vanessi—October	38
Fay, Frank—December	37	Mardones, Jose—August	35	Vaughn, Hilda—December	38
Fazenda, Louise—September	31	Marsh, Helena—July	35	Velour, Rose—November	26
Fitzgerald, Lillian—July	37	Martinelli, Giovanni—August	35	Von Zathwiczky, Eduard—November	35
Fokina—September	5	Marx Brothers—August	25	Young, Mary—August	18
Fontanne, Lynn—August	8	May, Ada—July	17	Young, Roland—August	5
Fontanne, Lynn—December	6	McCullough, Paul—July	37		
Ford, Helen—October	11	Meller, Raquel—December	8		

JUN 23 '24



An Outstanding Success

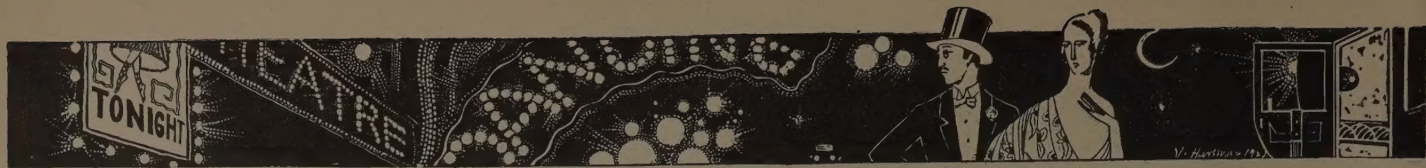
LESS than a year ago—backing them with the experience of twenty years devoted to the production of *quality* tires—we introduced, as the finest product of the tire builder's craft, Tuxedo Vacuum Cup Tires.

The enthusiastic reception they have been accorded by motorists everywhere has taxed our production facilities.

Do you buy "just tires," or do you buy *mileage*?

TUXEDO VACUUM CUP TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Jeannette, Pennsylvania



coming to New York —?

Any New Yorker Can Tell You

You can ask anyone in New York and he'll tell you that you can get to almost any place in the city in a few minutes "from the McAlpin."

But while you like to be situated in the heart of things—the theatres, big stores, Fifth Avenue shops, railroad terminals, etc.—what you must be interested in and will like best about the McAlpin is the quiet, home-like comfort of the hotel.

The entire McAlpin staff is trained to deliver real, courteous, efficient service. The desire of Mr. Arthur L. Lee as Managing Director is to make your visit so pleasant and free from annoyance, that you will always consider the Hotel McAlpin as your home when you come to the "Big City."

When making your reservation, request the modern complete Service Map in full colors, showing clearly the easiest and best way to "get around" New York. Simply ask for Map T. M.

ARTHUR L. LEE, Managing Director

"The Center of Convenience"
Broadway at 34th Street
Hotel McAlpin

CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st Street

World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre

EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director

DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

CAPITOL BALLET CORPS

Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina

CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA

Presentations by ROTHAFEL

NATIONAL Thea. 41st St., W. of B'wy Eve. 8, Mats. Thur. & Sat. at 2

WALTER HAMPDEN

in *CYRANO de BERGERAC*

MAIL ORDERS 4 WEEKS AHEAD

THE PLAY GUIDE

"GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may," children! That is to say the rosebuds of special information concerning summer-night and day-life in New York. . . . The Play Guide has taken all the trouble to cull these rosebuds for you in advance and to have had them bound in one compact sheaf. Yours only the effort to stretch forth a languid hand and sign on the dotted line, in order to bring this priceless bouquet of information to you. . . . The roof gardens of various hotels are opening, but you will wish to know which . . . also which offers what. . . . You will want to know too, what plays are still running . . . you will want what new ones are opening . . . you will want The Play Guide.

The Play Guide of THEATRE MAGAZINE is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground, the THEATRE MAGAZINE offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

*Write for a copy of The Play Guide enclosing
four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing*

THE PLAY GUIDE, THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 West 45th Street New York

F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest Present
WORLD'S BIGGEST PRODUCTION

THE MIRACLE

Staged by MAX REINHARDT Co. of 700
WILL NOT BE PRESENTED IN ANY
OTHER CITY IN AMERICA.

CENTURY 62d & Cent. P. W. Eves. 8,
Pop. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2

PLYMOUTH 45th St. W. of B'wy. Ev's 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"THE BEST AMERICAN COMEDY OF
THE SEASON."—*Heywood Brown, World*

THE POTTERS

ALL ABOUT THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR

THE CARL FENTON ORCHESTRA

whose Brunswick Records are
vogue in dance music, will
accept a limited number of
exclusive engagements.

The
CARL FENTON ORCHESTRA
16 West 36th St. New York
FITZ ROY 1190



NEW YORK'S
NEWEST
DINING
DELIGHT—

The Medieval Grille of the

Alamāc

71ST STREET AND BROADWAY

The Romance of Knighthood Days
embodied in masterful decorations
by Winold Reiss.

Perfect Food and Service

Most enchanting music in the Universe
by Paul Specht and his Alamac Orchestra;
Daily Dinner Dances and Matinee Dansants
each Friday and Saturday.

Nightly from Ten—The CONGO ROOM
atop the Alamac. "Most Unique!"

Paramount Pictures

The RIVOLI Broadway
at 49th St.

Rivoli Concert Orchestra

The RIALTO Broadway
at 42nd St.

Famous Rialto Orchestra

*The Best in Photoplays
And the Best in Music*

HUGO RIESENFELD, Managing Director

Sam H. Harris Attractions—

SAM H. HARRIS Theatre W. 42nd St.

Eves. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:15.

LEWIS & GORDON

(In association with SAM H. HARRIS)

Present THE

NERVOUS WRECK

By OWEN DAVIS

With OTTO KRUGER & JUNE WALKER

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S, 39th St., East
of Broadway

Evenings 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

SAM H. HARRIS Presents

JEANNE EAGLES

in "RAIN"

Staged by John D. Williams

THE OUTSTANDING SUCCESS
OF A DECADE

"The SWAN"

with EVA LE GALLIENNE

CORT THEATRE—New York

CONTENTS for JULY, 1924

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Wanted—A Leader in Our Theatre.....	Walter Hampden	9
Looking Back at the Princess Shows.....	Gilbert Seldes	10
Stage Effects and How to Get Them.....	Stanley Rauh	12
The Million Dollar Hit.....	Anne Nichols	19
When the Worm Turns.....	Willis Coleman	20
Japanese Players to Invade New York.....	Burnet Hershey	22

SPECIAL FEATURES

Editorial.....	7
Mirrors of Stageland.....	24
Heard on Broadway.....	39
The Amateur's Green Room.....	41
The Promenades of Angelina.....	43

ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....	Baskerville	
Grief.....	Trude Fleischmann	6
Our Broadway Producers: No. 5, Mr. George M. Cohan	John Decker	11
The Drama's Sole Salvation.....	Hans Stengel	25
Fête à Robinson.....	Maurice Goldberg	29

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play.....	15
Expressing Willie, Cobra, The Flame of Love, Leah Kleschna, Garden of Weeds	
Cinema.....Aileen St. John-Brenon	30

Music.....	Grenville Vernon	34
Vaudeville.....	Bland Johanneson	36

THE NEW PLAYS

<i>Expressing Willie (in pictures)</i>	14
<i>Sitting Pretty (in pictures)</i>	18
<i>Hell Bent fer Heaven</i>	Hatcher Hughes 26

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

E. J. Ballantine as The Ancient Mariner.....	Maurice Goldberg	5
Chrystal Herne.....	Maurice Goldberg	8
Ada May.....	Edwin Thayer Monroe	17
Ann Davis.....	Maurice Goldberg	38

PICTORIAL FEATURES

In the Spotlight.....	13
"The Not Irreproachable She".....	21
Prominent Figures in the Yellow Conquest of Broadway.....	23
In the Passing Show.....	27
Something New on the Screen.....	31
Stars of a Celluloid Firmament.....	33
Some Vibrations of Music Joys to Come.....	35
Low and High Comedy in Their Native Haunt.....	37

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage.....	<i>M. E. Kehoe</i>	40
The Vanity Box.....		60



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: A new producer on Broadway! Associated with so many successes, next season Robert Milton, the prominent director, enters the field of producing managers. In an interesting article he outlines his aims and shows what direction means to a drama. ♪ The much-talked-about *Expressing Willie*—a complete condensation of the Crothers play. ♪ Zelda Sears, author of a dozen Broadway successes, tells not only how to write a play, but how to write a hit. ♪ "First Nights!" What they were and what they have become. ♪ An illuminating discussion of Broadway's worship at the shrines of foreign idols—the truth about the imported art buncombe. ♪ More beautiful pictures than ever, and the usual amusing cartoons.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

The publishers cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. If postage is enclosed, an effort will be made to return unavailable material promptly, but in no case are the publishers liable for damage or loss.

LOUIS MEYER }
PAUL MEYER } Publishers

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

Victrola production larger than ever

In order to insure the greatest possible production from the Victor factories—the largest in the world devoted to musical products—manufacturing schedules for the entire year have been approved earlier than usual. They call for 48% more Victrola instruments than we made in 1923.

Present and future Victrola owners can share our satisfaction in knowing that Victor quality has made such plans possible.

Twenty-one Victrola styles from \$25 up.



© Mlahlin

FARRAR
Victor Artist

To admire the heroines of grand opera is to love Geraldine Farrar's Victor Records. She has created a new Tosca, Carmen, Marguerite, Madame Butterfly, Mimi, Gilda, Violetta, Nedda, and many others. These characters live and move again for you in all their dramatic intensity, in this spirited soprano's Victor Records, of which the following are characteristic:

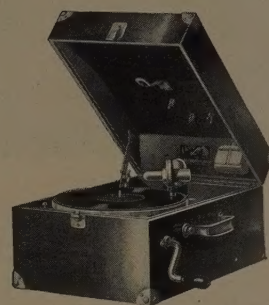
	Double-faced	
Mighty Lak' a Rose (Violin by Kreisler)	} 8024	\$2.50
Mignon—Connais tu le pays? (Violin by Kreisler)		
Annie Laurie	} 6112	2.00
Bonnie Sweet Bessie		
Madama Butterfly—Entrance of Cio-Cio-San	} 616	1.50
Madama Butterfly—Ieri son salita		

These Victor Records have taken captive the voice and the artistic qualities that this young tenor possesses. Gigli's tenor rings from a vigorous, youthful soul in songs of pure beauty which may be freed at your command from these records:

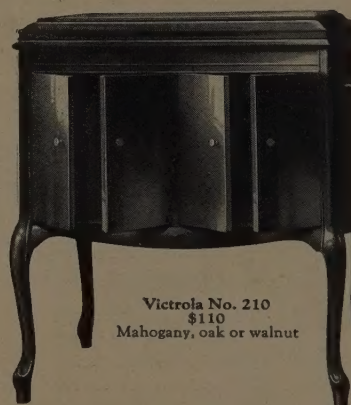
	Double-faced	
Santa Lucia Luntana	} 645	\$1.50
Serenade (Rimpianto)		
Gioconda—Cielo e mar	} 643	1.50
Pagliacci—Vesti la giubba		
Africana—O Paradiso!	} 6138	2.00
Faust—Salve, dimora		

Only expert recording could hope to encompass the brilliance of such performances as those of Heifetz. Double-stoppings, harmonics, pizzicati, scatter from his flying bow in rapid profusion, a jeweled torrent. There are forty or more records which this brilliant youth has made. You may have many of them. You will not wish to deny yourself these:

	Double-faced	
Ave Maria (Schubert-Wilhelmj)	} 6152	\$2.00
On Wings of Song		
Minuet (Porpora-Kreisler)	} 673	1.50
Valse Bluette		
Gypsy Airs No. 1	} 6153	2.00
Gypsy Airs No. 2		



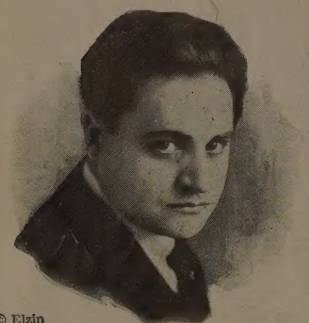
Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
\$50
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 210
\$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 240
\$125
Mahogany, oak or walnut



© Elzin

GIGLI
Victor Artist



© Horner

HEIFETZ
Victor Artist

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Olla Podrida

The Plain Truth About Broadcasting

AN amazing development growing out of the popularity of the radio is the agitation in certain more or less interested quarters for a modification of the copyright law by which broadcasters, or manufacturers of radio sets, should be permitted to use, as part of their daily broadcasting service, copyrighted works such as new songs without so much as asking the composer "by your leave."

The Dill bill, recently introduced in the Senate at Washington, would exempt radio stations from the payment of royalties on copyrighted songs, the extraordinary contention of the supporters of the bill being that it is in the public interest that nothing really worth while—such as the said songs—should be withheld from the public; that the composers—holders of the copyright—are taking a selfish attitude in demanding royalties for the use of their property; that the broadcasters charge the public nothing for their service, although it costs one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to maintain a good broadcasting center, and that they pay nothing to the hundreds of musicians who broadcast for them. Why, then, it is urged, should not the song writer be equally public spirited and also contribute?

The matter has already come up in the courts. A dozen suits brought by composers and music publishers to protect their rights are pending, and at least one judicial decision has been rendered. This decision was distinctly in favor of the broadcasters. The judge handed down his opinion that, as the broadcasting is done in the seclusion of a room, the song should be no more subject to royalty than a song sung in the privacy of a home. With all due respect for this opinion the question immediately arises: How can a broadcasting station sending room be put in the same category as a parlor in a private home? In the latter the song is given only to a small family circle without pecuniary profit; in the former the song is immediately sent out all over the country, with pecuniary profit to the manufacturers of radio sets who are, of course, intimately associated with the broadcasters in a business way.

If the copyright law means anything, it means the protection of property. The composer writes a song. It is the child of his brain, the product of his talent. It is as much his exclusive property as a dramatist's play is his property, a novelist's book is his property, a man's house is his property. How, then, can the law permit another person, an outsider, to possess himself of this song writer's property or any part of it? If the broadcaster can take a song, he can also take the dialogue of a play or entire passages from a book, if not the whole of both.

The broadcasters claim that free broadcastings will help the sale of songs. It is for the song writer—the holder of the copyright—to decide that. The burglar may gravely urge that it really does you good to be burgled as it makes you more careful. The song writers insist, on the contrary, that the broadcasting hurts their sales. Victor Herbert, Sousa and Irving Berlin appeared before the Senate Committee and declared that in tens of thousands of homes where the piano or phonograph was formerly

played the inmates now tune in on the radio. The result is a heavy drop in the sale both of sheet music and phonograph records. Maximum sales have dropped, it is said, from millions to hundreds of thousands.

Is the broadcaster arguing in the public interest or in the interest of those having radio sets to sell? It is evident that, unless the broadcaster can keep up his supply of good and free air entertainment, the demand for radio sets will decrease. It is human nature to wish to get something for nothing. The present arrangement of merely having to tap the ozone for one's amusement strikes the average radio fan as something too good to miss. Of course, the whole idea of free broadcasting was wrong from the start. It is ethically and economically unsound that anyone should get something for nothing. If, on the other hand, the manufacturer sells his radio sets with the understanding that a daily program will be broadcast gratis, the cost being included in the price charged for the sets, then the issue is simple. It would seem to be up to the manufacturer to provide the daily program, even if he must pay royalty on copyrighted material.

Murdering the King's English

AFTER agitating for years for a repertoire theatre, New York is at last promised two new production houses which, if not repertoire theatres in the Continental and true sense with almost daily change of bill—an ideal which Mr. Walter Hampden declares impracticable here owing to the lavishness and high cost of American productions—will at least be patterned in some respects after the Comédie Française, the most famous of all repertoire houses. Mr. Hampden, already so successful with *Cyrano de Bergerac*, will continue to make important classic revivals at the National Theatre, and this coming Fall Mr. Robert Milton, one of the most artistic and expert of our stage directors, will also enter the ranks of independent producing managers. Here are two workers in the theatre whose past achievements remove from any enterprise in which they may be interested the slightest taint of commercialism. In the theatres under their control we have every reasonable assurance of seeing fine plays, finely cast. The trivial, the commonplace, the vulgar will have no place on their boards. A standard of taste will be inaugurated and rigidly maintained. In one important particular these new producers can render great service—the preservation of pure English speech. The Théâtre Français is noted for the correct pronunciation of its actors. People go to the Français to learn how to talk. No slipshod delivery is tolerated. It should be the same with us. Unfortunately it is not. One hears slipshod English, atrocious mispronunciation in almost every Broadway production. The leading lady, who wears a Lucille gown, often does not know how to enunciate correctly. Even the Theatre Guild—purveyor of the best in the modern theatre—sometimes sins in this respect. In a recent production leading rôles were played by two actors, excellent artists both, but unfortunately with accents so foreign that the homogeneity of the stage picture was entirely spoiled.



CHRYSTAL HERNE

A New and Exclusive Portrait by Goldberg

Wanted—A Leader in Our Theatre

Only Individual and Permanent Effort Can Raise the Standard of the American Stage

By WALTER HAMPDEN

ONE of the most interesting phenomena in the American theatre during the last few years has been the renewed and widespread interest in the classic and romantic drama, an interest which, I am happy to say, has increased so steadily as to indicate that plays of this kind will retain their places permanently beside the works of contemporary dramatists. There never before was so great an audience in this country for Shakespeare. The reception accorded *Cyrano de Bergerac* is proof that the public is ready and willing to respond generously to serious romance on the stage.

The problems confronting the producers of such dramas are far different from those which producers of new plays must solve, and, I may say, much more difficult. The standards and ideals are different, and necessarily the manner of approach and methods of procedure cannot be the same.

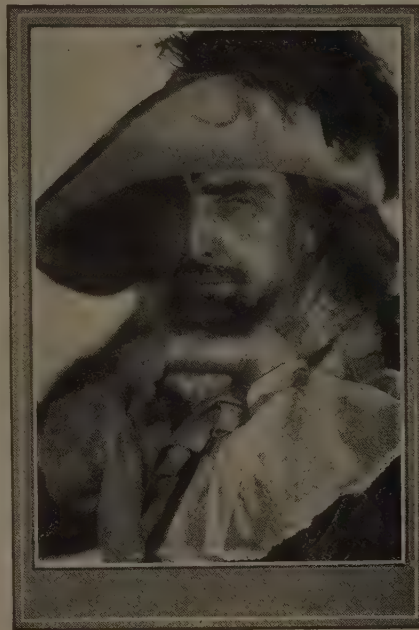
My own especial problem lies in the fact that I wish to present a series of plays within a single season each of which requires a production as adequate in all respects as that generally given a production designed to stand by itself alone. My purpose is generally spoken of as repertoire, but the word is a misnomer, because a repertoire theatre, in the old sense of the word, is practically an impossibility under existing conditions. Public and critics have become so used to completeness of detail in production and ensemble that nothing else will be accepted, and the mounting of half a dozen or more plays in an adequate manner means almost prohibitive expenditure, considering the greatly increased cost of everything which goes into the producing of a play to-day.

DIFFICULTIES IN REPERTOIRE

A REPERTOIRE such as I have in mind usually is a matter of slow growth. Take the examples of Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree in London and Richard Mansfield here. They made their productions for runs, mounting each one as lavishly and completely as the case required. If the play was successful it was revived from time to time along with other successes so that a period of repertoire could be given at the end of a season after the engagement of that year's new production. Mr. Irving acted Hamlet two hundred nights in London and Shylock for even a longer engagement. The plays which Mr. Mansfield used when he appeared in "repertoire"—*Beau Brummel*, *Prince Karl*, *A Parisian Romance*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, etc.—all were produced originally on the run basis. Each of these plays had enjoyed its individual success and profit before taking its place in the actor's repertoire.

For me to present *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The*

Taming of the Shrew, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, in New York next season, as I desire to do, means the preparation of seven new productions, no one of which can be any less adequate than the other six and none fall below the standard of *Cyrano de Bergerac*—a gigantic undertaking. Having appeared in all these plays on tour and in New York in four of them, the acting does not offer so much of a problem, but the material aspects of the enterprise, in view of present conditions, are ominous.



© Strauss-Peyton

WALTER HAMPDEN

as Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*

The initial cost and upkeep of a Shakespearean drama, or a romantic play such as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, is comparable to that of elaborate musical comedies and revues which have a large public to draw upon and for which higher prices of admission are charged. Take *Cyrano*, for instance. On its pay-roll are eighty-one persons—and two horses; about as large a cast as the *Follies*, which gets five dollars per orchestra seat in a theatre of greater capacity. Our top price is three dollars. Not only is *Cyrano's* scenic investiture elaborate, but the play required a specially built electrical equipment, and it was necessary to have nearly three weeks of scene, light and dress rehearsals—an expensive proposition at the present salaries of stage hands and electricians, with double pay for overtime, plus rent. To mount *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* properly will be a scarcely less costly and onerous undertaking. How different from producing a

modern comedy with one or two simple sets of scenery, ordinary lighting effects, no period costumes and only eight or ten actors!

MODERN COSTS PROHIBITIVE

EVEN with productions fully prepared in advance, playing repertoire in New York is no easy matter. There is not a theatre in the city that is equipped to handle such a season economically. The stages are too small and there is no storage space in the theatres. The fire department forbids keeping scenery in the basement or in the alleys. No two of my proposed productions for next year could be accommodated in the National at the same time. This would mean continual transportation of the productions back and forth between the theatre and the store-house—a really tremendous expense at current transfer rates, to say nothing of the wear and tear to scenery and properties. When Henry Irving last appeared in the Knickerbocker Theatre with half a dozen plays the management had to rent a vacant house next door to hold his productions.

Repertoire in the old days was a much simpler matter. Productions for this purpose were not so elaborate. The public had not begun to take lavish display as a matter of course. "Stock" scenery was in general use and gave satisfaction. Rents were lower then, the cost of materials and labor was much less, the stage-hands' and musicians' unions did not make the exorbitant demands which they do to-day, advertising rates were reasonable, and actors' salaries were not so high—in fact every item of expense connected with the operation of a theatre and the producing of plays was less than it is now. Manifestly the changed conditions make different methods of procedure necessary.

A natural question arises: If the undertaking is so arduous and the risk so great, is the venture worth while? The answer, of course, is in the affirmative. The very fact of obstacles to overcome gives zest to the enterprise. No ideal ever was realized except in the face of great opposition. I have been pushing ahead toward this goal for a good many years, gradually offsetting greater discouragements than those which remain to be surmounted. A solid foundation already has been laid; it only remains to build the superstructure, and I believe the requisite materials are at hand.

It seems to me the time is now ripe for such fulfillment. Several years ago such a program would have had no chance of success. But the audience for Shakespeare has increased enormously in that short time. There has been a romantic revival in the hearts of a vast number of people who are eager to get away from the every-day realities of life when they go to the theatre.

(Continued on page 54)

Looking Back at the Princess Shows

An Appreciation of the Entertainments Which Borrowed Their Label From Their Theatre

By GILBERT SELDES

IT is a pity that you cannot explain or justify delight. Conversation would be so much more amicable if you could. As it is, the friend of your heart or the wife of your bosom, who seems to agree with you on every significant thing in the world, suddenly announces that she cannot abide the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; and the dead silence that follows indicates that divorce is rapidly setting in.

I drag in the Savoy operettas because in writing about American musical shows it is always necessary to mention them at least once, and now I have done my duty and can go on with a free heart to the real subject, which is the group of musical comedies produced a little less than ten years ago, and generally known as the Princess shows. Oddly enough a few of them did appear at the Princess Theatre in New York; some did not. The same authors created the same kind of shows for other producers than Comstock and Gest. But they managed so definitely to create a new atmosphere, to write what was virtually a new kind of piece, that the specific name is required and justifiable.

The three men who made these shows—and who have joined hands again to make two more, one of which, called *Sitting Pretty*, which will be in action by the time this is printed—are Guy Bolton, Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, and Jerome Kern. They are—if I may quote the middle, English, one of the three, "stout fellows," not in girth, but in their capacity to create musical shows, and similar stuffs. Guy Bolton is a playwright, Wodehouse is one of the most entertaining writers of stories and novels now alive and well; Kern is vice-president of a music publishing house, has written several score single pieces of music which have caught the ear of the world, and is a connoisseur of first editions. I would not even say that the three are at their best when they are together; it happens, only, that together they have done something "very special," something more set apart from the work of other people, than they have accomplished singly.

The bitterness which English folk feel because America has robbed them of their "P. G." (columnist, according to *Who's Who*, of the *London Globe*) might have been equalled on our side about fifteen years ago when Kern, a native of New York City, went to London and there did numbers at Daly's Theatre—the lyricist for said numbers being the same Wodehouse. Six years in England, and Kern came back to America, composing rapidly all the time, and here came into contact

with Guy Bolton, and with him gave to the world a piece entitled *Nobody Home*, rapidly followed by *Very Good Eddie*, which was based on Philip Bartholomae's *Over Night*, and enlisted the services of Jack Hazzard as the immortal hotel clerk, Ernest Truex, Anna Orr, Oscar Shaw, Ada Lewis, Alice Dovey, and the author of *The Cat and the Canary*, John Willard. This production played at the Princess

still are shooting. They are, in fact, the mark at which the original *Three Musketeers* of musical comedy are themselves shooting, for the new production, which I have not seen, must come up to that high level.

The elements in these shows were all of high quality, and the balance between them, the mingling of the elements, was exquisite. It is impossible to apportion the credit. But one must start somewhere, and "the book" is a good beginning. Mr. Bolton's plots were intelligent—a fairly fresh thing in musical shows. When he made an adaptation as in the case of *Over Night* and *The College Widow* (which served for *Leave it to Jane*) he did it with some feeling for the original and also with a quick understanding of the requirements of musical comedy. He didn't, as a matter of fact, want to use Ade's famous play, conceiving it as a character comedy and not seeing how it could fit in. Actually the "prominent waitress" who ran away with *The College Widow* assumed a secondary position in the musical version, in spite of the inspired clowning of Georgia O'Ramey. Bolton tried to preserve whole sections of Ade's dialogue, but they clogged the action of *Leave it to Jane* and were gradually cut before the New York opening. To my irreverent mind the result was an improvement; the play was compressed, retained its intelligent side, and made way for one of the most

delightful scores in our American history. There was something young about all of Bolton's plots; they dealt with adolescents and they had a young spirit. Of course there were misunderstandings and suspicions and the rest of the necessities of musical comedy structure; but they were rather flippantly treated, and the dialogue was full of snap. There was no effort to have a funny man cracking jokes. The fun came out of old characters or ingenious situations, not out of elaborated puns and mispronunciations.

He provided, then, a reasonable framework. To him was added a humorist with a character of his own. No one who has read the Jeeves series, or the Archie series, or Piccadilly Jim, or the stories of Psmith, has any doubt of Wodehouse's capacity for making you laugh without hitting below the belt. His mind is agile, he has an ear for sporty English speech, and he can create preposterous and entertaining situations. In addition he can write lyrics which read like current speech and yet fulfil all the requirements of verse and music. I do not mean that he has ever arrived at the placid, accurate,

(Continued on page 56)



(Left) P. G. Wodehouse, (right) Guy Bolton, (above) Jerome Kern, the creators of the Princess shows

Theatre, in the business section of which you may to this day find Morris Gest and, on a separate floor, Ray Comstock—the actual producer of the Princess shows. But it lacked the collaboration of Wodehouse, and when Wodehouse did join in, the first result went to Henry W. Savage. It was called *Have a Heart*.

There followed the only genuine article: the Princess shows written and composed by the trio, produced by Comstock and Gest, the numbers directed by Edward Royce, the rest of the pieces directed by Robert Milton: *Oh, Boy!*, *Leave it to Jane*, and *Oh, Lady, Lady*. There followed other combinations. Kern wrote *Love o' Mike* without the others, Louis Hirsch wrote the music for one Princess show, Wodehouse and Kern created *Sally*, Kern and Ann Caldwell went over to the *Globe*, and under Dillingham's management gave us *The Night Boat* and the superb *Good Morning, Dearie*—superb in its musical score which ran as much pure gold to the number as even *Leave it to Jane*. But the three central pieces I have named are the real heart of the matter; they are the mark at which any number of other composers and librettists and lyricists



OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS. NO. 5: MR. GEORGE M. COHAN
Always Strong for His Uncle Sam. Next: Lee, the Little Rent Collector
(Caricature by John Decker)

Stage Effects and How to Get Them

Shipwrecks, Bursting Dams, and the Hushed Opening of Flowers—Nothing Impossible

By A STAGE TECHNICIAN

HOW often have you gone to a play in which the rain storm was so realistic that your subconscious mind was worrying about an umbrella? Perhaps you remember the airplane crash in *The Broken Wing* and the forest fire in *The Storm*. Of course, all these effects are produced at enormous expense and preparation. But they are essential in carrying the atmosphere across the foot-lights.

I remember a long time ago a second-rate company was playing *The Fall of Babylon* and we had studied for days how the "fall" might be effected in most realistic fashion. At last one stage hand of an inventive turn of mind suggested making a high pile of bricks and tying a string around the bottom one. Hence the fall of Babylon was put across, and at the "crash" one of the audience in the top balcony called out very spontaneously: "There goes my Ingersoll!" Needless to say the show was a big hit regardless of the second-rate company and the poor scenery.

Now, inasmuch as I am one of the best reputed stage hands in the business, having served for some seventy years at the *Cameo* as assistant wardrobe mistress, I have been asked to write this article in order to explain just how various stage effects may be secured at minimum expense. No doubt some of you are, or will be, putting on a play in your school auditorium or church vestry rooms, and you should study and think out the necessary effects to properly convey realism to your audience. It is my purpose herein to discuss only the most common and essential "effects" used in the every day drama and melodrama. The first effect which I shall take up is the storm.

The Rainstorm: Let us assume that the primary consideration in a rainstorm is the rain. The audience must hear the real water as it pours down in sheets on the housetops. This effect may be easily produced by the use of a bathtub. Any old bathtub laying around the house will do. Have the electrician install it in the wings for you. Now stand by ready to turn on the water at the curtain cue, as, for instance:

MARY: Good God, John, I should not have come out here with you alone like this.

JOHN: Quell yourself, darling. I passed all my Y. M. C. A. strength tests.

MARY: Yes, but John, can't you see the storm approaching?

At the word "approaching" all the stage hands will begin to whistle softly, representing the wind. This whistling can be

Rain—This effect is most easily secured by turning on water in tub. This should be done very easily at first and increase pressure with increased ferocity of storm. (Do not keep plug in tub if storm lasts any length of time.)

An effect which always touches the heart of an audience is that of a galloping horse, both leaving and approaching. This effect may be secured most simply by the employment of cocoanut shells, at the cue lines:

MARY: Quick, John, before it is too late. Mount your steed and ride.

JOHN: Goodbye. I shall do your bidding. Where in hell is my hat? (Exit John.)

Horse leaving—Cocoanut shells should be clapped on a board in rhythm—as horses' hoofs. (Any drummer will show you how.) Very loud at first, getting softer as horse dies away in distance.

Horse approaching—Vice versa from "horse leaving."

If your play is more modern you will need an off-stage effect of an automobile, as follows—

Auto leaving—Ford—Any threshing machine laying around the house will do, or stage hands pounding an empty boiler with sledge hammers.

Pierce Arrow—Turn on an electric fan off-stage.

If there is a train involved, at the cue lines:

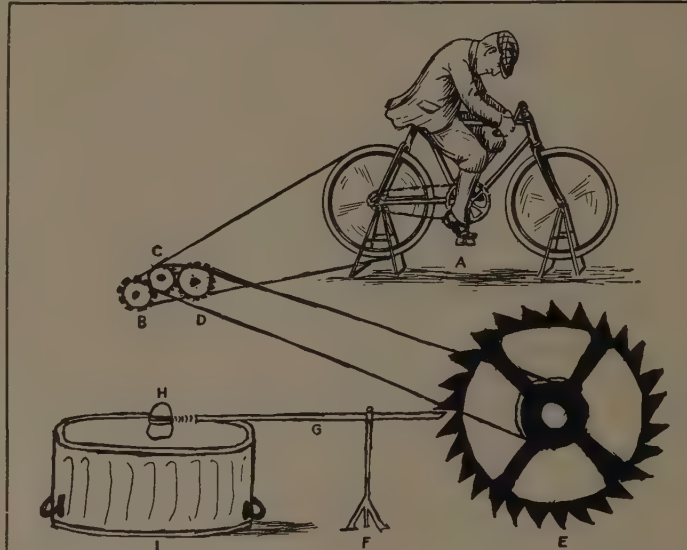
MARY: Goodbye, John, I hope you enjoy your trip.

JOHN: I'm not going for enjoyment.

Train leaving—To first represent effect of letting off steam empty half a seltzer bottle. At this point a stage hand calls: "All aboard for Yonkers, Manhattan Transfer and points west." Another stage hand blows a police whistle and still another taps a cut glass pitcher with a hammer, producing engine-bell effect. Buy two pieces of sandpaper at any grocery store. These should be rubbed together after bell has ceased in rhythm 1-2-3-4 stop—1-2-3-4 stop, etc., getting louder as train dies away.

Snow—It is indeed difficult to represent snow at an amateur production and do it properly because of the expense involved. This, however, may be overcome by the use of cornflakes which have been painted white—a lovely effect is secured.

(Continued on page 58)



The above drawing shows how the amateur can produce the sounds of an airplane approaching or leaving

- A—Any bicycle laying around the house which must be propped up on braces.
- B, C, and D—Any spools laying around the house which should be nailed to the wall. Gears may be cut with any penknife laying around the house.
- E—Any ratchet wheel laying around the house.
- A, B, C, D, and E are connected by belts as shown in illustration. These belts may be made of tennis court tape or shoe strings or most anything laying around the house.
- F—Lower part of any music stand found laying around the house, on which a broomstick laying around the house (G), has been mounted, after top of music stand has been removed.
- H—A stone, laying around the house, strapped to end of broomstick.
- I—Any wash boiler found laying around the house.

To convey noise of approaching airplane, pedal bicycle, which turns gears B, C, and D, which turn ratchet wheel in lower ratio. Ratchet wheel strikes lever, weight of stone pulling same down between each ratchet, stone striking wash boiler, giving an excellent portrayal from an acoustical standpoint. Tools needed in construction: 1 Can-opener; 1 Cigar Cutter; 1 Fly-swatter; 1 Lawn-mower.

Simple but highly effective stage effect

trained and directed by the orchestra leader who will go back-stage at this time. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot—now comes the thunder and lightning. You will be surprised how easily and thoroughly this may be accomplished—

Lightning—Lightning may be very efficiently effected by having the stage electrician turn the lights on and off in rapid succession.

Thunder—Go to any bowling alley and borrow a set of pins and large sized ball. Have pins set up and after lightning has flashed bowl the ball. Now it is time for the rain.



Goldberg

RALPH MORGAN

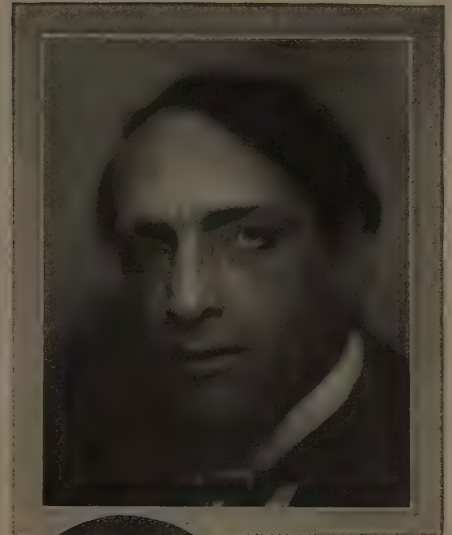
who gives a performance of unusual power and distinction as the principal victim of the *Cobra*



Georg

ROBERTA ARNOLD

repeating her success in *Chicken Feed*, the gifted comédienne is appearing in a new play, *The Tantrum*



Goldberg

FRITZ LIEBER

in *Two Strangers from Nowhere* the distinguished actor lends his vast talent to the rôle of a modern Satan



Georg

HELEN CAHAGAN

who added continued praise to her early acclaim by her fine performances in *Chains* and then in *Leah Kleschna*



Goldberg

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

the charming song - and - dance girl in the *Charlot Revue*, who became, by her rendition of a single number, an overnight sensation



Georg

NOEL TEARLE

who gives, as the soldier-clergyman in *Simon Called Peter*, a performance of noteworthy intelligence and sympathy

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Players Whose Personalities and Talents Quickened Interest in the Summer Season

Photos
White, N. Y.



(Left to right) Alan Brooks, Chrystal Herne, Richard Sterling, Merle Maddern, Warren William, Molly McIntyre. Willie's queer friends come to his new million dollar home and help him to "express himself"



Willie (Richard Sterling) strives to keep his temper while his mother (Louise Closser Hale) makes fun of the company he keeps

Minnie (Chrystal Herne) finds Willie so obtuse she has to shake sense into him



Willie endeavors to make Frances (Merle Maddern) believe he is alone in the room, but Minnie (Miss Herne) comes out of hiding and spills the beans

THE NEW PLAY

"Expressing Willie," at the 48th Street Theatre, a Humorous Exposé of Social Poseurs

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



All God's Chillun Got Wings

Play in two acts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced by the Provincetown Players May 15, with the following cast:

Jim Harris, William Davis; Ella Downey, Virginia Wilson; Shorty, George Finley; Joe, Malvin Myrick; Mickey, Jimmy Ward; Jim Harris, Paul Robeson; Mrs. Harris, his mother, Lillian Greene; Hattie, his sister, Dora Cole; Ella Downey, Mary Blair; Shorty, Charles Ellis; Joe, Frank Wilson; Mickey, James Martin; Organ Grinder, James Meighan.

AFTER all the fuss it caused before being presented, this new play of Eugene O'Neill's seemed decidedly tame. A problem play was expected, a problem dealing with one of the most vital and baffling questions before the American public to-day. But *All God's Chillun Got Wings* won't solve it. Mr. O'Neill has handled a tremendous theme in a very lame and anemic manner. Possibly he felt himself hopelessly handicapped by the difficulty and delicacy of the subject.

A poor "white trash" girl cast off by her broken-down pugilist betrayer marries a studious black man. Her mind, already weak after sordid life experiences, snaps completely after her odd marriage. She is filled with inhibitions, and, though she loves her husband, feels a strong racial antagonism, or repugnance. One of her mad tricks is to stab to pieces a Congo mask which her disordered mind conceives to be a living black face leering at her. This is the symbol of the play. The vacant stares, shrieks, and homicidal impulses of a maniac can scarcely be called pleasant entertainment. Alienists, psychologists and pathologists might revel in this sort of thing. But the layman shudders at the horror of an unhinged mind.

The play is well acted, and has its thoughtful, constructive passages. Paul Robeson, the negro actor, who possesses a beautifully resonant voice, and a superb physique, is a good actor. His tactful portrayal of the colored husband of a white woman robs the rôle of any offensiveness it might have had in the hands of a less competent player.

Frank Wilson, as a belligerent young negro, resenting the supposed arrogance of his educated friend, is a young colored actor of great promise. His scene with Paul Robeson in the first act is a highlight of the play. Mary Blair, in the rôle of the white girl of the slums who, in desperation, marries a negro, could hardly be expected to achieve any outstanding success with such a meagre and unsympathetic part.

The Provincetown Players added nothing to their laurels by the production of this play.

The Kreutzer Sonata

Play in four acts by Jacob Gordin. Revived by Lee Shubert at the Frazee Theatre on May 14, with the following cast:

Raphael Friedlander, Edwin Maxwell; Rebecca Friedlander, Engel Sumner; Miriam Friedlander, Bertha Kalich; Celia Friedlander, Celia Benjamin; Samuel Friedlander, Bert Chapman; David, Graham Lucas; Ephroym Randar, Jacob Katzman; Beila Randar, Ferike Boros; Gregor Randar, Manart Kippen; Natasha, Myra Brooke; Katia, Jeanne Wardley; John, Francis Sadler; Mary Hopewell, Jeanne Ward'ey.

IN the light of modern sophistry, the revival of Gordin's old play is somewhat of an ordeal for the sophisticates. The triangle of human relationship is no longer considered such a hectic problem. It has lost most of its grim qualities. If a man loves a woman other than his wife he eases her from his domestic hearth in a number of ways. Offers her neat

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Amusing and novel satire on big business and modern society, acted with much humor by Roland Young.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

EXPRESSING WILLIE—Amusing comedy of American life, acted by an exceptional cast.

SAINT JOAN—Fine historical drama by Bernard Shaw. Admirably acted by Winifred Lenihan and associates.

THE MIRACLE—Stupendous religious spectacle. The finest thing ever seen in this country.

THE OUTSIDER—London success which is meeting with equal favor here. Play deals with so-called "cures" by unlicensed medical practitioners.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and supporting cast.

alimony, for instance. The wife who is scorned in these days either on or off the stage may occasionally go on a temperamental rampage when she discovers her spouse's infidelity, but she seldom finds it incumbent upon her to commit wholesale murder to avenge her wrongs. She is more inclined to offer "the other woman" a bonus for keeping the husband away from her forever.

So the plot of *The Kreutzer Sonata* is a bit ancient and dusty. This one-time popular play suffers the same fate as other classic favorites when they are dragged out of the dead past and labeled "revivals." Revivals are like steamed puddings. Time has aged them and they cannot travel on the merits of their savoury pasts.

Bertha Kalich does some fine repressed acting in the first two acts when she is a forlorn, subdued woman, bearing with quiet fortitude the miseries of her life. She is particularly effective when she suddenly reveals the dramatic intensity of her nature, and does her best work in the last act when, maddened, her despair enrages her to the point of murder.

Madame Kalich is ably supported, particularly by Manart Kippen, in the rôle of the arrogant and domineering young husband; Edwin Maxwell, as the stern Russian father; and Celia Benjamin, the wanton sister; and Jacob Katzman as a middle-class musician.

Catskill Dutch

Play in three acts by Roscoe W. Brink. Produced by Richard Herndon, at the Belmont Theatre May 6th, with this cast:

Case Steenkoop, Frank McGlynn; Cobby, Louis Wolheim; Sait Wolleben, Minnie Dupree; Brammy Wolleben, Frederic Burt; Peetcha, Kenneth MacKenna; Irey's-Anne, Helen Reimer; Neelia-Anne, Ann Davis; Elder Shauny Fronce, David Landau; Deacon Irey Valter, Thomas Irwin; Deacon Mauny Tenneych, William Hasson.

THIS play, a near-Harvard prize effort, probably broke Broadway's record for short runs. Presented for the first time on a Tuesday night, it was seized with financial cramps the following Friday, and on Saturday a few interested mourners saw its remains decently interred in Cain's Storehouse.

The play's chief offense was that it bored you to tears. The author forgot to keep his play from unwinding itself in a dull and labored fashion. He lost sight of the importance of suspense as an element of interest. He revealed everything there was to tell a few minutes after the rise of the curtain.

So the audience knew that a "bound out" girl living in a mountain settlement of Dutch religious fanatics in the year 1870 was an unwed mother, and that the father of her babe was a church elder. It also knew that she was to be married off to an innocent youth by the church patriarchs, and received a hint that she would confess

all at a revival meeting, when her feelings would be stirred by the tom-tom of a drum pounded by a Negro with a jungle-jazz soul.

After that, nothing remained for the audience to do but depart, or wait for the *pièce de résistance*—the revival scene. This occurred in the second act, and it might have been fairly interesting had it not been for the fact that practically the same thing was done in a far superior manner in *Roseanne* several months ago.

Another feature the author overlooked was the matter of dialect. Every one in the cast used a different kind of ruined English, ranging all the way from a Southern Negro drawl to a Way-Down-East twang.

The acting was as varied and uneven as the dialects. Kenneth MacKenna, always earnest and serious, made the character of the proud young mountaineer an exceedingly appealing one. Ann Davis brought a fine intelligence and sympathetic personality to the rôle of the "bound out" girl, but her work was somewhat marred by a voice too heavily sob impregnated. Frank McGlynn, who distinguished himself in *Abraham Lincoln*, was surprisingly artificial.

The personality of Minnie Dupree, cast as the rebellious wife who turns shrew, is not suited to this type of rôle. Perhaps her realization of this caused the actress, whose work is usually marked by much charm and precision, to fumble her lines repeatedly.

Cobra

Drama in four acts by Martin Brown. Produced by Lawrence Weber at the Hudson Theatre April 22, with the following cast:

Sophie Binner, Dorothy Peterson; Jack Race, Louis Calhern; Tony Dornring, Ralph Morgan; Elise Van Zile, Judith Anderson; Judith Drake, Clara Moores; Rosner, William B. Mack.

THIS play, built up around a venomous lady, is not only good theatre, but it is acted dexterously by a skillful cast. It pleases the popular taste without stooping to pander to it.

Its motivating force is Sex, but it is not sex cheapened and distorted. A light woman is the central figure, but she does not say and do things to obviously provoke horrid guffaws from sexy play devotees. She acts as other women like her act in real life. Therein lies the commendable feature of this play. The playwright, throughout, does not sacrifice realism for the sake of an extra dramatic situation, an epigram, or laughs from the lovers of the salacious.

Take, for instance, the little blonde black-mailer, who preys on college youths with rich papas. She is common and flash. She talks like a vulgarian, but not like a guttersnipe. And there is the Cobra lady. She is a voluptuary who chooses to let her passions rule her, but, while she is the play's vamp, she is, after all, a rather ordinary enchantress. So it goes with all the characters. They are drawn true to life. Perhaps a few of them are excessively priggish, but they are prim and preachy persons who assume all the virtues, in real life.

Judith Anderson, as the wife who plays about with her husband's best friends, and goes to rowdy hotels with other "gentlemen friends," is a bit too youthful in appearance for a woman of such sophistication. It requires years and vast experience to develop the kind of character Elise Van Zile reveals. However, notwithstanding her handicap of youth, Miss Anderson puts enough venom and brilliant acting into the rôle to make her work in this rôle stand out as one of the most virile and satisfying characterizations of the season.

Louis Calhern, as the young weakling, who can never resist the charms of an alluring and luring lady, is good looking enough to make any girl exert her charms upon him. What is more to the point, he is a good actor, but his excessive use of pauses between words detracts from his work.

Ralph Morgan's picture of a husband whose life is made or marred by the kind of wife he has, is well drawn. Sometimes his facial method of displaying magnanimity becomes irksome. Clara Moores, as the stenographer with a "beautiful soul," is personally attractive, but the type she portrays is most irritating. It is surprising that such a restrained and vacillating creature, weighed down with insignificant inhibitions, could make such a handsome hero desperate by her refusal to marry him.

There is a bit of good acting by William B. Mack, in the last act, but there seems to be no particular reason why a *distract* man with a brainstorm—the character he depicts—should burst into the play at all.

Leah Kleschna

Play in three acts by C. M. S. McLellan. Produced by William A. Brady at the Lyric Theatre April 21, with the following cast:

Kleschna, Arnold Daly; Schram, José Ruben; Leah Kleschna, Helen Gahagan; Valentine Favre, Hal Crane; Sophie Chaponniere, Katherine Alexander; Raoul Berton, Lowell Sherman; Paul Sylva, William Faversham; General Berton, Arnold Korff; Madame Berton, Edith Barker; Claire Berton, Mary Hone; Baptiste, Henry Davies; Sergeant de Valle, Ulric Collins.

EVEN the fine cast assembled by Mr. Brady for the revival of *Leah Kleschna* failed to arouse the interest of present day theatregoers in this once successful melodrama. Dramatic construction has made vast progress in the last two decades. Scenes that seemed thrilling twenty years ago today are crudities hopelessly out of date.

Leah Kleschna was the forerunner of a long list of crook plays. Today, accustomed as we are to gripping melodrama, with a tense hair-raising situation in every scene, the labored action of the old McLellan piece seemed painfully slow and devoid of thrills. Even with an all-star cast, whose distinctive personalities command attention, this sentimental story of a girl thief who "goes straight" is as tiresome as a bedroom story about little Johnny Pussytail and the Ten Wrens, or some such flub-dub.

We are too sophisticated today to watch the slow process of a moral reformation. Leah is a thief and for all we care she can remain one. It bores us to listen to the saintly man whose home she robs preach to her. His sanctimonious drivel oppresses us. We despise his pale, piping sweetheart. We have nothing but contempt for the girl who drops her profession under a flow of cant from the lips of a man who isn't even red-blooded enough to take her in his arms once after he has stripped her of a livelihood and sent her on the straight path. We hope that her crook father will come and make a sieve out of the supreme prig, but he doesn't. He only says, "Oh my God!" once or twice, and it appears that he plans to reform also. Such purity and dullness is incomprehensible in ye theatrical year of 1924.

The lordly Faversham, the versatile Arnold Daly, and all the rest of the stars sparkled as gaily as possible through this oldtimer which, seen through the glasses of twenty years, seems hopelessly senile and decrepit.

Flame Of Love

Romantic drama in five acts by Maurice V. Samuels and Malcolm LaPrade. Produced by G. W. McGregor at the Morosco Theatre April 21, with the following cast:

Wu-chen, Brandon Peters; Chang-chin, Bernard A. Reinold; Toy-ting, Gilda Kreegar; Sin-yang, J. Hammond Dailey; First Weaver, Romney Brent; Hai-lung, C. Porter Hall; Men-sin, Kay Strozzi; Fong-lee, Lynn Pratt; Premier Danseuse, Aysa Kass; Lo-song-oi, Isidore Marcil; Kuzar, Reginald Carrington; Zara, Lenita Lane; Yen Chee, Charles La Tour.

THERE is a silk show at the Morosco.

Dancing girls are swathed in the colorful fabrics. Others display yard after yard of vari-colored silks. Silk is displayed on big bolts. It is draped over stands as a background. Silk is shown in skeins, being dyed, and in the process of being woven on looms. There is a silk competition, and weavers discuss the quality, color, sheen and texture of their handiwork. Silk! Silk! Silk! The audience would not have been surprised if a regiment of silk worms had crawled over the footlights and into the front of the house.

Throughout the play a flame fabric is dis-

cussed as the magic weave. This, incidentally, is a new creation by a well-known New York silk manufacturer. The wares of this same manufacturer, whose name is given in the program, are used throughout the five acts. Considering the fact that the play is a silk exhibition, with only a fragile semblance of a story bobbing in and out of the bolts of fabrics, is it any wonder that there were those in the audience who suspected that they had been lured there by the device of a hot and glamorous title—which is the name of, not the divine passion, but—silk! They came to see a play and a silk show was thrust upon them.

But, notwithstanding all the swathings of silk, and the extremely slow action, the stage settings are unusually attractive, and the play is beautifully costumed.

The Bride

Comedy in three acts by Stuart Olivier. Produced by Jewett and Brennan at the 39th Street Theatre on May 5th, with the following cast:

Henrietta Travers, Isabel Irving; James, George Pauncefort; Mortimer Travers, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Wilson Travers, Donald Cameron; Marie Duquesne, Peggy Wood; Officer O'Brien, Jefferson Lloyd; Isaac Walton Pelham, George Henry Trader; Inspector Gillson, Henry W. Pemberton; Dr. Sandross, Robert Harrison.

ONLY the charm of Peggy Wood and the clever clowning of Ferdinand Gottschalk lifted this raw, stereotyped melodrama out of the Nick Carter class, and saved it from immediate oblivion. Gottschalk was a sheer delight. Nature endowed this comedian with a comical face and figure; his own intelligence does the rest. His stage business, every line he spoke, his every gesture afforded hilarious moments.

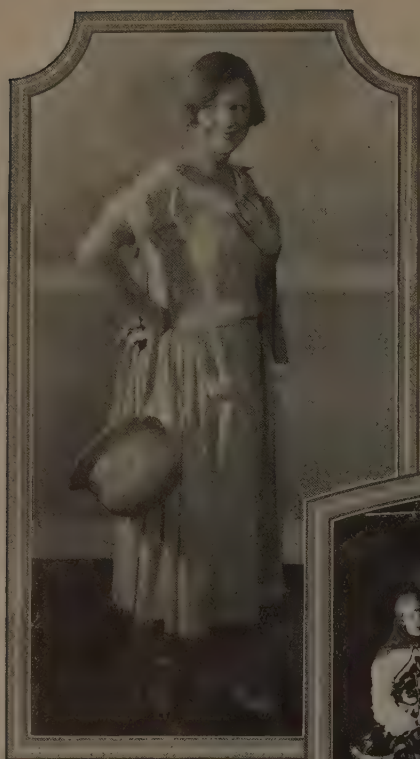
As to Peggy Wood, long a prime favorite in musical comedy, and who on this occasion made her first appearance in the illegitimate, what can one say of her save that she is adorable? Pretty, vivacious, amiable, full of grace as a young faun, she demonstrated to the satisfaction of the audience that she also knows how to act. Yet, why waste her time in plays—especially such pieces as the present one—when her talents lie in the direction of the musical stage? She sings like a lark and dances like a nymph. Her proper field is musical comedy. Long may she adorn it.

Only the merest outline of the plot need be given here. The piece is fairly well constructed on conventional lines, but the complications have been familiar ever since the present vogue for crook plays set in. Two wealthy bachelors—one a collector of precious stones—find their luxurious home invaded one stormy night by a young woman dressed as a bride. She explains that she is running away to avoid being married to a man she detests. Much against their will the bachelors give her shelter, and one of them falls in love with her, but when mysterious things happen and \$100,000 worth of rubies disappear the bachelors begin to be suspicious. What ensues need not be told here. If you are interested go and see the play. Even if the drama bores you, there is always Peggy Wood.

The rest of the cast were fair to middling. An exception must be made in favor of Jefferson Lloyd who contributed a delightful bit as a grafting policeman. Isabel Irving, an old favorite, gave dignity and some humor to the part of the not easily to be fooled aunt.



Ada May, who has won special distinction among the season's débutante song-and-dance Cinderellas by her mastery of the trick of individuality. The eccentric dancing, the breezy comedy which were identified with the inconspicuous stepping-comedienne, "Ada May Weeks," now vivify "Lollipop," in which, for the first time, she is married to the tenor and heralded in lights. A new portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe



QUEENIE SMITH,

This gay and winsome dancing-comedienne steps off with high honors and dances her Cinderella career sensationally



CHARLOTTE WAKEFIELD,

arrayed as George Sand, figures as a picturesque guest at the masque ball which flourishes as an excuse for costumes and complications



Photographs
by White

FRANK McINTYRE,
a comedian, completely surrounded by girls, is literally "sitting pretty"



Dorothy Janice as the Empress Eugenie with six bewitching ladies-in-waiting (waiting for another music cue)

THE NEW PLAY

"Sitting Pretty," Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern's Bright Echo of the Princess Days

The Million Dollar Hit

Author of "Abie's Irish Rose" Tells How She Made a Fortune With a Play the Critics Panned

By ANNE NICHOLS

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE has an interesting, though a stormy history. It has been running for almost two years on Broadway, and there are five *Abie* companies on the road. But, in addition to its phenomenal success, and the amazing record it has established in theatre annals, it has not been without its troublesome features. *Abie* has been dragged through numerous legal battles, and there have been all sorts of difficulties over bookings, suitable theatres in which to produce what has been termed "the million dollar hit," assembling capable companies for the road, contracts, and dozens of other trials encountered in the active management of this play.

Perhaps, if a comprehensive history of *Abie* is to be outlined, we had better start at the beginning—when first the idea germinated for the play. It all came about in my Long Island home six years ago. Fiske O'Hara and his wife were my dinner guests. They told me an amusing story about a friend of theirs. He was a young Jewish lad, who had married a Gentile. The boy, son of an orthodox Jew, loved desperately his Christian sweetheart—an Irish Catholic—but feared his father's disapproval. So he conceived the idea of introducing the girl to his father under a Hebrew name.

"Win over my Dad first as a Jewess," the lad urged. "Then, after he has grown fond of you, and we are married, we will tell him the truth. It will be too late for him to object then, and, besides, you will have won his affection by that time."

The girl agreed, they were married, and, of course, there were many complications regarding marriage ceremonies. One day, quite a time after the mixed marriage, the young bride was feeling indisposed. She was lying down resting, when her father-in-law called unexpectedly. A crucifix hung above the young wife's bed. The Hebrew father was shocked at his discovery, and immediately ran out of their house.

INSPIRED WITH AN IDEA

MR. O'HARA'S story amused us all, but it made a strong impression upon me. I couldn't stop thinking about that mixed alliance, and all the prejudices which it brought in its wake. Ten minutes after the O'Haras left, I started work on a play. I welcomed the opportunity to write a play which might serve to overcome religious bigotry. We have been fighting religious battles for centuries, and we'll continue fighting them until we have one church, and a realization that, after all, there is only one God, that he is good,

and that we are all looked upon with favor if we do the best we can during our life.

Incidentally, I believe that this is why *Abie* achieved success. *Abie* was not born in 1921, when first it was produced, for the ingredients of this play were always with us: bigotry, hatred of one another's religious and racial inheritance and viewpoint. *Abie* was old in the minds and

The success of Anne Nichols' play, *Abie's Irish Rose*, has been the outstanding feature of the past two seasons. Panned by the critics, the piece narrowly escaped being killed at birth, but its Irish-Jewish appeal caught a certain public and it has been running ever since. The actual figures of what it has earned are not available, but with its record run in New York and its many tours out of town, it is estimated to have netted for its lucky authoress more than a million dollars.

hearts of people of different races and different churches, and that was the strong appeal it yielded. People did not have to become familiar with *Abie*. They felt that it had always been with them.

Well, as I said, I got the germ of the idea for the play from Mr. O'Hara's casual recital of the marital difficulties of his young friend. Most of my play is absolutely true. Of course, I elaborated on it somewhat, and at first I found it a rather delicate subject to handle. That crucifix incident, for instance. That was fine dramatic material, but I had to leave it alone. Naturally, I had to delete much that was interesting, but, fundamentally, the story is that of the trials of the young friend of the O'Haras.

I worked fast and furiously on that play. Something impelled me to keep at it. I sat up three nights writing steadily upon it. When it was finished, Adelaide Matthews, who collaborated with me on *Just Married*, helped me type it, and she exclaimed immediately that it was sure to be a hit. I remember how we interrupted our own progress with the typing by our laughter over certain lines. We were a pretty good audience for that newly finished play.

When it was all ready for the market, no one wanted to buy it. It met with the

cold shoulder everywhere. I submitted it to Mr. Al Woods first, for at that time he was putting on such plays as *Potash and Perlmutter*, and I thought it would fit in nicely with this program. But no, he didn't want it. And the funny thing about it is that, quite some time after *Abie's Irish Rose* had achieved success, Mr. Woods met me in a hotel lobby one day and reproached me for not letting him see the script.

"You were the first one to get the manuscript," I told him. "You turned it down cold." He had even forgotten having had first chance at the play.

After Mr. Woods' turn-down, I took the play to Augustus Pitou. I wanted the late Barney Bernard to star in it. Mr. Bernard read the play, and shook his head.

"It will never go," he declared. "The public won't stand for it. The orthodox Jew, in particular, will object to the theme."

I was beginning to get puzzled. Of course, I had not glorified the Hebrew race, but neither had I glorified the Irish. I tried to stick as close as I could to facts and real types. I even went down to the Ghetto and studied the men and women there, so that I could draw all the characters, particularly those of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, true to life.

After Mr. Bernard had registered his disapproval, I visited Eddie Abeles, who was ill in an uptown hotel. Himself a young Jew, the actor caught the spirit of the play almost immediately. He said:

"I think there is a fortune in it. I want to play the part of Solomon. It will be my first character part."

Two weeks later Mr. Abeles died, and I took his passing as another bad omen in connection with *Abie*.

FIRST SHOWING ON BROADWAY

ABIE finally opened at the Fulton in 1922. Then I signed a contract with Oliver D. Bailey, and when his lease on the Fulton expired, *Abie* moved with him to the Republic, where it has been ever since.

After the opening, several well-known dramatic reviewers of New York "panned" *Abie*, but all the others treated it well in their reviews. It got a fair break, but for some reason or other the three critics referred to kept up a continual barrage of criticism until people came to believe it was universally "roasted." Of course, the adverse criticism did affect the play at first, and the box-office receipts. I felt badly about it, but I still retained my supreme faith in the ultimate outcome. I

(Continued on page 54)

When the Worm Turns

Theatre Audiences Can Stand a Lot, But Sometimes They Get Angry With Tragic Results

By WILLIS COLEMAN

THE disturbance the other day in a Paris theatre, during the performance of *Le Tombeau sous L'arc de Triomphe*, when the audience took angry exception to certain sentiments put by the playwright into the mouths of his imaginary characters, comes as a reminder that, while theatre audiences are noted for their sense of humor and good natured tolerance, they do sometimes kick over the traces.

It is very seldom nowadays that the quiet and decorum of a theatre auditorium is disturbed during the representation of a play. But it was not always so. Present day audiences are so accustomed to seeing everything in the theatre conducted in a peaceful, dignified manner, they are themselves so well mannered, and so well trained to keep their emotions under perfect control, that it is difficult for this generation of amusement seekers to visualize the stage disturbances and tumults that, only a few decades ago, sometimes made theatre going a pastime fraught with as much peril as pleasure.

The last disturbance in a New York playhouse was on November 27, 1911, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, when Lady Gregory's Irish Players produced for the first time in America John M. Synge's drama, *The Playboy of the Western World*. The play, regarded as offensive and an insult to the Irish as a race, had already caused disturbances in Dublin. Here the rise of the curtain was the signal for such hisses and groans that the actors could not be heard. Potatoes and other missiles were thrown on the stage, and the atmosphere was soon thick with the odor of asafetida and rotten eggs. Finally, the police succeeded in controlling the situation, and the rioters were taken to the night court and fined.

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT

FAR more serious was the Astor Place riot of May 10, 1849, when the angry adherents of Edwin Forrest stormed the Astor Place Opera House to "get" Macready, the famous English tragedian. There was bitter rivalry between Macready and Forrest—a quarrel of long standing for which, it is now conceded, Forrest was to blame. During his tour of England, Forrest had accused Macready of coming one night to hiss him while he played, and on his return home the American actor enlisted the sympathy of his friends. Soon afterwards Macready arrived here to make his farewell tour. The friends of Forrest determined that he should not play. A large body of police was distributed all over the house, but notwithstanding there

were hisses and groans as Macready made his appearance. Outside the theatre a vast mob was clamoring to get in and the shouts and yells of the assailants were so terrific that the police, finding the situation beyond control, sent for the military. The National Guard came up at the charge, but the mob, standing its ground, greeted the soldiers with

manager, Simpson, came forward and announced that his place would be taken by another actor.

In the earlier days of the theatre unmannerly audiences were the rule rather than the exception. When Garrick in 1754 found he could not attract the London public unless he played himself, and his own strength was not equal to the effort of acting without intermission, he presented a ballet pantomime which called for the services of a number of French dancers. War had just broken out with France and patriotic feeling ran high. That Garrick should insult British audiences by bringing over Parisian dancers aroused Londoners to a frenzy.

QUALITY VERSUS THE PIT

DORAN draws an animated pen picture of the scenes that followed: "As the spectacle was repeated, so was the insurrection against it; but the 'quality' interfering—to uphold what the King had approved—a new element of bitterness was superadded. The boxes pronounced pit and galleries 'vulgar'; and these powers waged war the more intensely because of the arrogance of the boxes, whose occupants were assailed with epithets as unsavory as any flung at the dancers. Gentlemen in the boxes drew their swords, leaped down into the pit, pricked about them in behalf of 'gentility' and got terribly mauled for their pains. The galleries looked on, shouting approbation and indiscriminately pelting both parties. Not so the fair, who

occupied the boxes. They, on seeing the champions of propriety and of themselves being menaced or overpowered in the pit, pointed the offenders out to the less eager beaux who tarried in their vicinity, and who, for their very honor's sake, felt themselves compelled to out with their bodkins, drop into the surging pit and lay about them, stoutly or faintly, according to their constitutions. The stronger arms of the plebeians carried the day; and when these had smitten their aristocratic opponents they celebrated their victory with the accustomed vandalism. They broke up benches, tore down hangings, smashed mirrors, crashed the harpsichords and finally, charging on the stage, cut and slashed the scenery in all directions. That done, they rushed out to Mr. Garrick's house in Southampton Street and broke every window they could reach with missiles from basement to garret."

The most famous theatre row in theatrical history was, of course, the storm of popular indignation which on November

(Continued on page 62)



Theatre audiences sometimes lose their temper with disastrous consequences to the unlucky actor

jeers and stones. Finally the order was given to fire, and when the smoke cleared away the casualties were twenty-one dead and thirty-three wounded. Macready, whose life the rioters were seeking, escaped in the confusion through a side door, lay concealed for a few days with friends, and immediately sailed for England.

An earlier row, not as serious, but one which had many of the characteristics of the Forrest-Macready riot, occurred at the Park Theatre, October 13, 1831, when an English actor named Joshua R. Anderson was billed to appear as Harry Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. Owing to some disparaging remarks regarding this country the Englishman was reported to have made on the voyage out from England, his appearance here was the signal for a hostile demonstration. When the Englishman came forward on the stage he was hooted at and pelted with rotten eggs and other offensive missiles. He tried to explain. The mob refused to listen, and he was forced to retire. The curtain remained down twenty minutes, after which time the



Schwarz

ESTELLE WINWOOD,

whose brilliant characterization of Mona, the philosophic London street-walker in *Spring Cleaning*, is one of consummate artistry



Ray Huff

JUDITH ANDERSON,

the promise of whose work last season in *Peter Weston* has been fulfilled this, with a performance of unusual strength and power as the unprincipled *Cobra*



Murray

DORIS KEANE,

forsaking the costume play, the charming star lends her vast talent this season to the rôle of the temperamental actress-wife in O'Neill's matrimonial drama, *Welded*



Genthe

EMILY STEVENS

In *Fata Morgana*, as the selfish, sensuous woman of the world, Mathilde, the deft actress gives one of the most universally talked-about performances of the season



Goldberg

MERLE MADDERN

A niece of Mrs. Fiske, who stepped into prominence with her unusually fine characterization of the scheming adventuress who complicates the plot of *Expressing Willie*

"THE NOT IRREPROACHABLE SHE"

Five Theatrical Examples That Purity and Innocence Have No Monopoly on Charm

Japanese Players to Invade New York

Tokio's Imperial Troupe, Emulating the Russians, Will Bring Their Mediæval "Kabuki" Drama to Broadway

By BURNET HERSHEY

COMES now another foreign theatre to swell the miscellany of strange and alien actors who have made New York the theatrical Babel of the world. This time, it is Japan which is planning to send its Imperial Theatre from Tokio to Broadway for a brief season. Inspired by the success of Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Players, and encouraged by a New York season replete with Grand Guignol, Yiddish Art Theatre, Eleonora Duse, Swedish Dancers and Tilla Durieux, the Japanese have wished to bring their theatre to the dramatic center of the West. And why not? Was it not New York's theatre-goers who abolished histrionic frontiers and annulled the barrier of language in the realm of the drama?

During the writer's recent visit to Japan, the project was developing under a constant bombardment of objections from all sides. Japan could send only her best actors—the Imperial Theatre Company—abroad if any were to be sent, but inasmuch as the Tokio public was unwilling to forego its season of drama for the sake of displaying the Japanese theatre to the world, the Imperial actors had to stay at home. Furthermore, no Japanese troupe had ever left Japan as an organization and it would have been a serious break with tradition in a tradition-ruled land.

Then came the Regent Hirohito's sensational break with the customs of the past by his voyage to Europe that entirely disregarded all rules for the behavior of Japanese royalty, and rudely shook the belief of the masses in the theocratic state and deified Emperor. A new torrent of reform was let loose in all phases of the national life and another long step was taken away from the old Japan of paper-fan and teacup notions.

Last of all came the earthquake, which by destroying the Imperial Theatre Building in Tokio left Japan's premier troupe without a home. Now there is no obstacle to an American tour.

Jaded New York theatregoers, even though inured to bizarre spectacles by the Russian inundation, will find that life holds still another fillip for them when they witness their first performance of the classical *Kabuki* drama. They will see actors clad in the garments of mediæval Japan, strangely coiffed and painted in the manner of their ancestors, posturing strangely before weirdly unreal cardboard

scenes, while a primitive orchestra of flutes, samisen and drums, emits weird music, to which the fans of the chorus, squatting on cushions at the side of the stage, keep time. In placid moments, the fans sway gently, as if rocked on waves of Gregorian chants. As the action rises, as blows are exchanged or apparitions appear, the fans rise menacingly erect before the

to conceal its operation. The proscenium arch is only fifteen feet wide, but its height is often as much as seventy feet. The scene of action, be it a palace, a temple or battle-field is, as a rule, an island of wood and cardboard in a sea of bare boards. Black-cloaked stage-hands creep about the scene removing properties and otherwise assisting the performers. Their

black cloaks denote invisibility, and the audiences, with true Japanese politeness, ignore their presence. Curiously enough, the same convention held good in England in the Eighteenth Century when stage-hands at the Drury Lane Theatre appeared in black gauze cloaks to snuff the candles which did duty as footlights. But the Occidental student of the drama will rejoice to find that the stage is a revolving one (the revolving stage has been in use for two hundred years in Japan) and that the actors and actresses make their way through the audience in the manner introduced in New York, not so many years ago, by the impresarios of the Winter Garden.

To the magnitude of the stage are due three characteristics of the Japanese drama that strike the Occidental as defects. Tricks that appeal to the eye, rather than to the ear, abound, such as excessive posturing, an undue amount of pantomime and the *false* shrillness of the players' voices. But everything in

old Japan seems to have been the exact reverse of what we Westerners consider right and proper. So in a land where a seamstress prepares for her work by holding the thread bolt upright in her hand and slipping the eye of the needle over the thread, these curious performances are the *ne plus ultra* of art. They certainly draw big houses. The Japanese public's affection for the theatre may well be judged from the fact that before the earthquake there were twenty theatres in Tokio, all making money. Leading actors received as much as five thousand dollars for a month's engagement.

Another curious effect of the size of the stage has been the virtual debarment of women. An actor has to walk anywhere from twelve to twenty miles in the course of one performance, a feat totally beyond the strength of the frail Japanese women, hampered as they were by their inconvenient dress. This circumstance resulted

(Continued on page 50)



Japanese actors giving a performance on board a transpacific liner
(Pen and ink sketch by Howard N. Cook)

chorus, or flutter in agitation, while the sound of the drums and the irregular staccato cries of the musicians punctuate the passion of the players and heighten the dramatic effect.

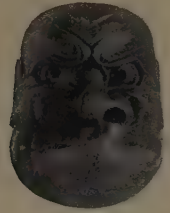
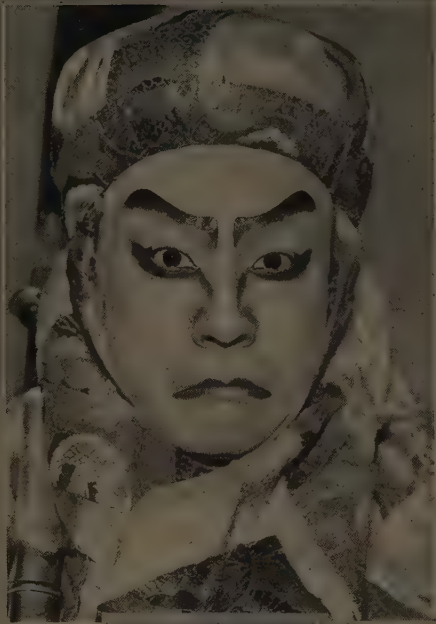
While in Japan, I was able to see a good deal of the Japanese theatre, not only from the "front of the house," but behind the scenes as well. And though a good deal of effort was required at first to get into the spirit of the thing, it was well worth it.

The basic fictions of the traditional Japanese stage are very different from ours. Western playhouses are built on the assumption that the audience looks through a picture frame into the lives of people in another sphere of action. The work of scene-shifters, electricians, carpenters and mechanics is rendered unseen. Except for the curtain-calls, the actors do nothing to destroy the illusion of a fragment of observed life. The orthodox Japanese stage, on the contrary, makes little effort



ENNOSUKE ISHIKAWA

(Right) Tokio's most popular leading man, the John Barrymore of the Japanese stage



SADONJI ICHIKAWA

(Below) Behold the villain! A celebrated influence for evil in the Nipponese theatre



HORIKOSHI

the son and successor of Japan's greatest actor, Danjuro



KOSHIRO

(Above) A tragedian who ranks high in the classic Japanese drama of the traditional school



BAIKO

(Left) An actor whose delicacy and charm as an interpreter of female rôles have won him great favor

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE YELLOW CONQUEST OF BROADWAY

Popular Members of the Tokio Troupe Which Next Season Is to Favor New York With the Drama of Japan

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XXXV—HILDA SPONG

HILDA SPONG, who so admirably plays the match-making queen mother in *The Swan*, is one of Daniel Frohman's happy importations. She is one of the brilliant "Old Lyceum" constellation that included Mary Mannerling, Georgie Caine and Effie Shannon and Julie Opp. She and Miss Shannon keep pace in the commendable effort to preserve their youth. The blondes

have it in the apparent preservation of it. The aureole of blonde hair is a fitting frame. You and I, having dark mops, show lines and shadows on the face that do not belong there. They are ugly illusions cast by the shadows of dark hair.

Hilda came from London to play the part in *Trelawney of the Wells*, in which she had delighted London. That was twenty-six years ago. She has been with us ever since save for a tour of Australia, and visits to England to her father, a gifted scenic painter and artist. She is as lovely as she looks. Charming and amiable. And though an Englishwoman, an excellent dresser. But, then, she has a superb figure to carry her gowns about. Also unlike her countrywomen.

Hilda is always organizing something. Two lesser actresses were afloat with an idea as cargo, but rudderless. Miss Spong embraced the idea and presently the Stage Woman's Exchange and the Stage Door Inn sprang into being.

She and Mrs. Thomas Wise were leaders in the experiment of the Actors' and Authors' Society, which held the Fulton Theatre during its attempt. Since their pioneer movement New York has achieved its actors' theatre—the Actors' Equity Association prefers that its playhouse shall be so called—and its authors' theatre, where dramatists are putting on their own plays.

Miss Spong has an active mind, which keeps her going at something, often at several things. Have you noticed how well she plays the mature, sophisticated coquette? It is unusual to see her as a mother. But as the queen mother, intent only on attracting admiration to her daughter, she is as lovely as, when playing irresistible widows, she was deciding among suitors for a second matrimonial alliance.

Hilda has a large social following. Managers who engage her services can always count upon a full first-night house. Glitter of diamonds. Expanse of front and back rising above satin or velvet or real lace.

At the close of *The Swan*, she proposes to leave us. To take her father and mother from their lanes in England to a cottage in Monaco. There to live with them, console them in their decline of life, and cross now and then to play an engagement in London.

Only I think she won't. We won't let her.

XXXVI—ARTHUR BYRON

ARTHUR BYRON is less known than any of America's best actors. It may be because he is tired of renown. He has had the traditions of three generations of family fame. There was the brilliance of his father, Oliver Doud Byron, who played all the way from *Nicholas Nickleby* with Joseph Jefferson in 1856 to *The Lion and the Mouse* in which he succeeded his son, Arthur William, in the rôle of the *Lion* in 1906. There was the arch coquetry of his aunt, who was born Bridget Crehan, and evolved into Ada Rehan, the choicest comedienne of them all, and who captivated the English as she did the Americans. Yes, he may be a bit tired of the continuous limelight life of the actor. There are a few of these. Who love the art of theatre, who enjoy playing to and with their audiences, but would creep quietly out of the circle of light, when the performance is over.

Yet, Mr. Byron is a master of suavity off the stage as on. He does not call upon that art in his dominating rôle in *Spring Cleaning*. But, boy, and girl, do you remember him in *The High Road* with Mrs. Fiske? He played an editor and publisher of a newspaper. The management asked him to be a blend of the qualities of James Gordon Bennett and William Randolph Hearst. Difficult union! He invaded a meeting in which the ugly secret of a woman's life was being discussed. He asserted that he would publish the story, that no one in high heaven or deep the other place would prevent him. But he did it with a low, controlled voice and manner of utmost calm. His formal adieus to the appalled members of the council was a lesson in ultra politeness.

I was having a cup of tea with the Twelfth Night Club on the afternoon when he was the sole male guest. Facing a hundred actresses and ex-actresses is a heavy payment for a cup of tea and popularity that some timid mimes evade. Mr. Byron bore well the ordeal. The guest of honor entered the club-room with the quiet confidence with which he uttered his ultimatum and made his adieus to the men and women in *The High Road*. He remained an hour, chatted with every woman present, and left it in seeming excellent spirits. If he was bored he nobly concealed his boredom. That is the fine art of suavity.

Arthur William Byron—he regards "William" as a superfluity—is proud to be known as a family man. He has a handsome wife, who was once a member of his company. Mrs. Byron still plays now and then, as she says "not because I like playing, but to be with my husband." The last time we saw her on a New York stage was as the nurse in *A Ghost Between*. Occasionally, to meet the exigencies of a play, she has needed to grow beautifully less. On those occasions she has heroically lost twenty pounds in two weeks. Greater love hath no woman for her husband than to lose ten pounds a week for his sake. 'Tis a good husband has so good a wife. He has three children.

Arthur Byron is an aristocrat of the stage. Behind him are two generations of those who trod the boards. The Barrymores have but three.

XXXVII—CHRYSTAL HERNE

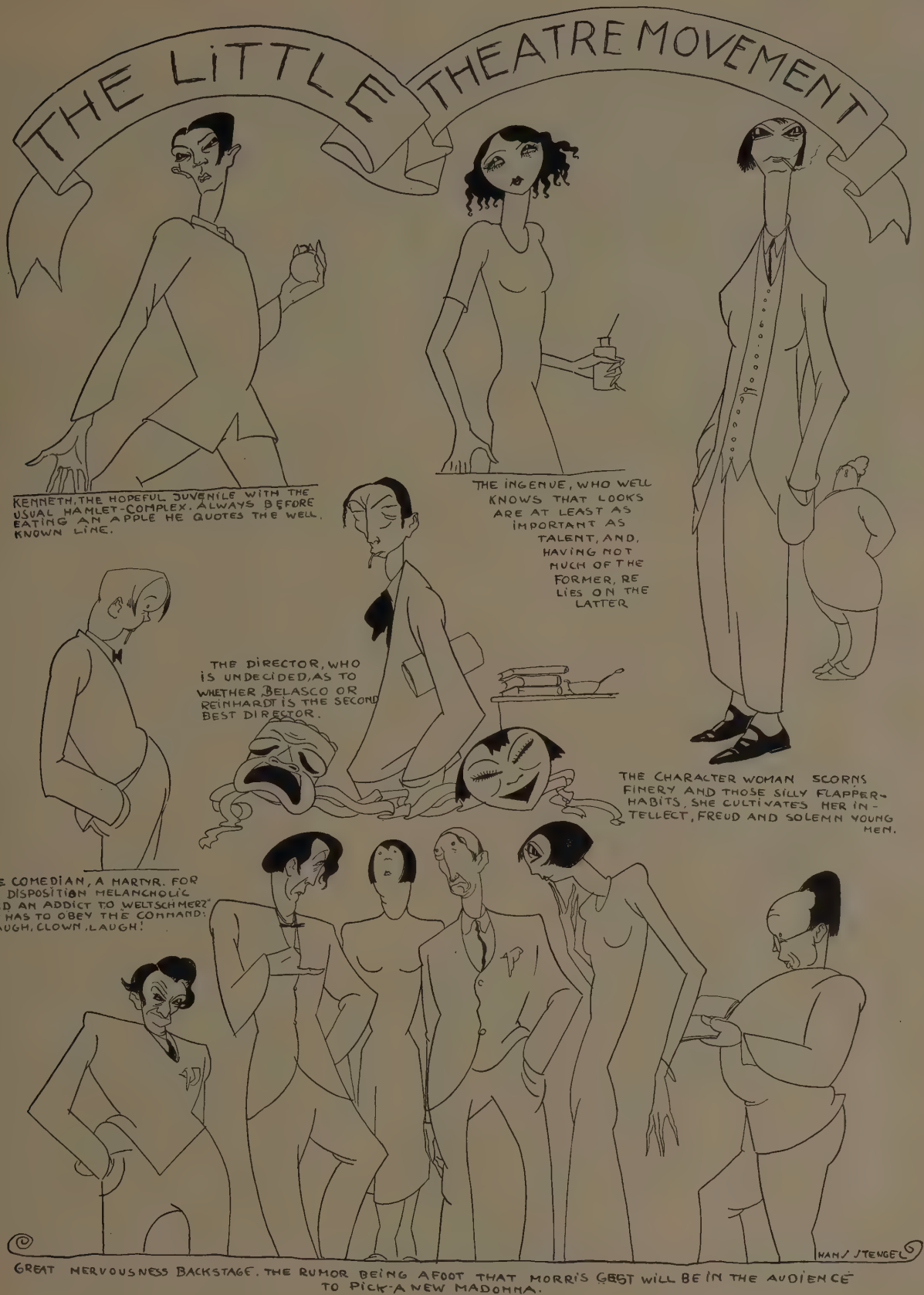
THAT'S Chrystal Herne. No. Not the plump, red-haired girl. Chrystal has the fashionable figure, tall and thin and flat-hipped. The one in the silver gown. Chrystal never misses a professional matinée. The distinguished-looking man who is turning down the seat for her is her husband. He is an editorial writer on one of the more influential newspapers.

Their courtship was a comic one. Chrystal told me about it. She couldn't make up her mind to marriage. She had the "choose marriage or a career" idea that is fast passing out. It has passed out of her mind, for she appears now and then in a rôle that appeals to her.

Her editor did his best to bring Miss Herne to the altar, but she balked. Gently balked, then went to California to play. To her amazement he followed, married her before she could marshall her arguments against matrimony, and brought her back to New York with "Mrs." before her name. They have a most individual apartment in a smart part of the city. Chrystal solves the new servant problem by having the place in perfect order, then saying to the tyrant, "I want everything kept just as you see it now."

Yes, she's the daughter of James A. Herne, the actor-playwright-manager. She made her début with him in his play in which he played the title-rôle "Rev. Griffith Davenport." She was a very timid sixteen.

Mr. Herne used to say, "I'm not
(Continued on page 58)



THE DRAMA'S SOLE SALVATION

The Really Serious Amateurs, Inspired by Their Duty to the Hope and Future of the Stage

(A Cartoon by Hans Stengel)

The Play That Is Talked About



White, N. Y.

Rufe tells them he has seen Sid's ghost

Hell-Bent Fer Heaven

A Play in Three Acts by Hatcher Hughes

A VOGUE for the native American folk-drama which invaded the theatre with "Sun Up," Lulu Volmer's character study of the Carolina mountaineers, has had its response also, in this searching, extraordinarily dramatic story of the Blue Ridge Mountaineers' feudal clans by Hatcher Hughes. Enjoying a long run on Broadway among the Buda-Pesth school and the usual "society" dramas, this reflection of the native scene has met with great success, and the sinister figure of Rufe Pryor, the religious fanatic, has been acclaimed the outstanding dramatic characterization of the season. The following condensation by Mary James is published through the courtesy of the author, Mr. Hughes; and the producer, Marc Klaw, Inc.

THE CAST

(As staged at the Frazee Theatre by Alonzo Klaw.)

David Hunt	Augustin Duncan
Meg Hunt	Clara Blandick
Sid Hunt	George Abbott
Rufe Pryor	John F. Hamilton
Matt Hunt	Burke Clarke
Andy Lowry	Glenn Anders
Jude Lowry	Margaret Borough

ACT I. Old David Hunt comes in through the outer door, and his daughter-in-law, Meg, enters from the kitchen and continues her occupation of shelling peas. They are anxiously awaiting Sid's return from the War. . . .

SID: Hello, Mam!

MEG (*rushes down and kisses him*): Sid . . . What'd you sneak in through the kitchen an' skeer me like this fer?

SID: I didn't sneak.

MEG: I thought you hadn't come!

SID: I jist natchelly come 'round to the place whar the cookin's done. . . . Hello, Gran'papa! How're you?

DAVID: I can still lick any eighty-year-old man my size in the mountains, if I can ketch him. . . . I see you got a new pair o' britches. Did you git 'em thar in France whar the war was?

SID: No, I bought 'em at Pineville when I got off'n the train. Seems right natchel to see you again, Mam. How you been makin' out?

MEG: I bin jest about as common. But you must be plumb wore out!

SID: Me! Why no; I'm feelin' purty sassy! . . .

RUFÉ (*coming down stairs, enters.*)

MEG: Sid, you rickolick Rufe, don't you, that used to work fer Joe Bedford down on Sandy Fork?

SID: Shore. You're the feller that has been a-helplin' Pap while I 'us away. (*Shakes hands cordially. There is a suggestion of constraint in Rufe's manner.*) How's your health?

RUFÉ: I can't brag on myself much.

SID: What's the trouble? You're lookin' all right.

RUFÉ: I am on the outside. The thing's in here—(*taps his chest*)—whatever it is. I tried to get in the army arter you left, but they wouldn't have me.

DAVID: Fust I ever hyeard of it, Rufe! . . .

Matt Hunt enters carrying a package which Sid presents to his mother; she is delighted to find a beautiful pink camisole, but looks askance at it when she hears a "French gal" crocheted it! . . . Rufe is starting for the store so Matt asks him to get Sid's pack, which he does very ungraciously. On his return Matt tells him he can pack his "duds"; his services will no longer be required now that Sid has come home. An argument follows, and Matt eventually agrees to keep Rufe a month longer, as Sid feels he would like "ter spree 'round fer a change."

Andy comes in carrying the mail and greets Sid uproariously. Matt goes off to "round up the hay," as it looks like a shower, and David to "rob a bee-gum fer Sid afore supper," accompanied by Meg, who goes with him to hold "the smudge." Rufe persuades Andy to go upstairs with him to sample a bottle of "licker," a stock of which he had laid in before he "got religion." During their absence Jude enters and greets Sid very coquettishly; she is annoyed with him for not having written to her whilst he was in France. . . . Andy reappears in the state of exhilaration that precedes complete intoxication, much to Jude's disgust. She goes off to the store, accompanied by Sid, with a parting injunction from Andy not to forget his "cat-eridges," as he and Sid have arranged a shooting-match.

RUFÉ (*insinuatingly*): Did you hear what he 'us a-sayin' to Jude jist now?

ANDY: To Jude? Wus it anything outen the way?

RUFÉ: I'd think so. He wus a-talkin' about merrige! (*Andy settles back against the dresser evidently not troubled by this. Rufe notes this, then after a pause*): But mebby you don't object to the Hunts an' Lowries a-swoppin blood that way instid o' the way they used to!

ANDY: Swoppin' blood! (*After a pause, with dangerous deliberation*): Wus Sid a-talkin' about the Hunts an' Lowries a-swoppin' blood like they use to?

Saying good-bye to Broadway. The dancers of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet crowd for a glimpse of their favorite magazine before sailing on the *S. S. Vestris* for Rio de Janeiro and their South American tour

Nadel and Herbert



Wide World Photos

Something to discourage Wayburn. Charlotte Greenwood, rehearsing for the Equity Benefit, demonstrates a mean kick to her all-star chorus in which you will recognize, from left to right, Elizabeth Hines, Ada May, Mary Eaton, Constance Binney, Helen Ford and Louise Groody



White

Madelen Stengel, the chanteuse whose arch beauty and consummate artistry are delighting after-theatre Broadway at the restaurant *Rendezvous*. Mme. Stengel is the wife of Hans Stengel, the well-known artist



Bebe Daniels poses beside a new portrait, by M. A. Roeko, of her as she appears in *Monsieur Beaucaire*



Murray

Odette Myrtil, star of *Vogues*, shakes a finger at the son of Otto Kahn, who developed a saxophone complex and abandoned the ease to which his father's millions entitled him to go into the new revue with his own jazz-band, the Roger Wolfe (Kahn) Orchestra

IN THE PASSING SHOW

The Theatrical Spotlight Is Turned in These Five Directions

RUFE: 'Tain't like you to be skeered of him, Andy!

ANDY: Umn? Wha's 'at? (*He lurches toward Rufe drunkenly and seizes him by the collar.*) Any man 'at says I'm afraid o' Sid Hunt's a dam liar.

RUFE (*releasing himself fearfully*): I didn't say it! (*Glancing suggestively in the direction that Sid has gone.*) But I know the man that did!

ANDY: Umn? You know the man 'at said I—who is he?

RUFE: I ain't tellin' no tales, but he don't live more'n a thousand miles from here.

ANDY: Wus it Sid himself?

RUFE: I ain't a-sayin' who it wus. But as your friend, Andy, I'm a-goin' to warn you o' one thing—don't you start nothin' 'ith Sid that you ain't prepared to end! Rickollect the last time the Hunts an' Lowries fit they 'us three more Lowries killed 'n they wus Hunts!

ANDY (*with the superhuman calm of the drunken man*): Did Sid brag about that?

RUFE: I ain't a-sayin' what Sid done! I'm a-talkin' to you now as a friend fer your own good.

ANDY: Three more Lowries 'n Hunts! (*Weeping with rage.*) The dirty skunk! Where is he? Where is he? . . .

RUFE: Ca'm yourself, Andy! He'll be back here any minute. (*Andy approaches Rufe. Rufe tries to get to the kitchen door, but Andy heads him off.*)

ANDY: Rufe, are you fer me or agin me?

RUFE: I'll stick by a friend, Andy, tell Jedgment Day!

ANDY: Then gimme your hand? Fer, just as shore as sunrise, I'm a-goin' to equalize things!

RUFE: I'm sorry to hear you talk this way, Andy.

ANDY (*pulls out his pistol*): You b'lieve in Provvydence, don't you, Rufe?

RUFE (*staring at the pistol*): Yeh—I—I—believe in Provvydence.

ANDY: Look! (*He opens the pistol.*) It's a-goin' to take six Hunts to make things equal, an' I got jist six caterdges in my pistol! That's Provvydence!

RUFE (*with a strange mingling of fear and fascination*): My advice to you, Andy, is to drop this. The Hunts are dangerous folks. Sid in pertickler, now 'at he's been through the war! You'd a heap better pocket your pride and live in peace with him if you can, fer if he gits started he won't stop at *nothin'*! I know him!

ANDY: Ah! But you don't know me, Rufe! You think I'm skeered. Well, jist wait. This is a free country an' everybody in it ought to be equal. Three more Lowries 'n Hunts—that ain't equal. (*He drops down in the chair and weeps with rage as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II. The same scene a few minutes later. Rufe stands at the window. He turns and looks at Andy fearfully.

ANDY: Is he comin'?

RUFE: Yeh! Andy, is there still evil in your heart in spite o' what I've said to you?

ANDY: Ha, ha, ha! Brother, let us pray! (*He clasps his hands over his pistol and prays in the fashion of a minister with a hymn-book.*) . . .

RUFE: You ain't a-goin' to kill him now?

ANDY: Every man has to die when his time comes! (*Enter Sid and Jude.*)

JUDE: Andy, I'm ready to go home now if you are.

ANDY: You know the way, an' the road's open.

JUDE: But I don't want to go by myself.

ANDY: I got some business to settle 'ith Sid.

JUDE: Well, I can wait fer you. I want to see Miz Hunt anyhow. (*Exit Jude into the kitchen.*)

SID: Here's your caterdges, Andy.

ANDY (*fumbles in pocket for his purse*): An' here's your money!

SID: That's all right. I charged 'em.

ANDY: 'Tain't all right.

SID: Well, Andy, jist as you say. (*He takes the money and gives Andy the cartridges.*) I'll scratch 'em off the book the next time I go out thar.

ANDY: Rufe'll scratch 'em off! Don't fergit that, Rufe! I don't want no Hunt—in Hell ner out—to say 'at I killed him on a credit!

SID (*decides that Andy is joking*): The Hunts hain't never accused you o' not payin' your debts, Andy.

ANDY: They've had room to! I've owed 'em a passel o' lead ever since I 'us born! And I'm a-goin' to pay it now!

SID (*very uneasy, but concealing it*): What's



JOHN F. HAMILTON
in his brilliant characterization of Rufe

the trouble with him, Rufe? He seems to have sompen on his mind.

RUFE: I don't know! He's been a-talkin' plumb wild! I tried to ca'm him, but I couldn't!

ANDY: . . . When the Hunts an' Lowries fought afore, the Hunts made my gran'daddy dance when they shot him! (*He cocks his pistol.*) This is the time to dance!

SID: Well, you're the boss. Whatever you say goes 'ith me.

ANDY: Then cut your patchin'! (*Rufe strikes up "Turkey in the Straw," and Sid starts to dance, Andy keeping time with his foot and pistol.*) Sashay. Swing your partner . . . Pace the music!

JUDE (*appears in the kitchen door*): Andy! What are you—

ANDY: Git out o' here if you don't want a bullet in you. (*Jude rushes between Andy and Sid with a piercing scream. Rufe stops playing. Sid springs under Andy's arm, thrusting it upward with a twist. The pistol falls to the floor. Sid releases Andy and seizes the pistol.*)

Meg and Andy rush in from the kitchen. Jude cannot understand what has come over her brother, and Sid volunteers to see him home. Andy is mystified at Sid's pacific attitude, so

different from what he had been led to expect. David follows them; Meg returns to the kitchen, and Rufe, finding himself alone with Jude, seizes the opportunity to make love to her.

RUFE: The first time I ever thought o' marryin' you, Jude, 'us when I seen you in church the day I got religion.

JUDE (*turning from him*): Megby you wouldn't ha' thought of it then if you'd been a-studyin' 'bout your religion like you'd ought ha' been.

RUFE: I wus, Jude! That's jist the p'int! The whole thing 'us spiritual. (*Jude is somewhat moved by the religious trend of his appeal in spite of an instinctive distrust of the man.*) I mind it jist as well as if it 'us yistidy! . . . They 'us a-singin', an' when they come to the verse:

"I sighed fer rest an' happiness,
I yearned fer them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Savior by,
His love laid hold o' me."

I looked across the aisle an' seen you a-settin' thar a-singin'. An' sompen hot swep' over me jist like fire! At first I thought it 'us Satan a-temptin' me, an' I tried to look t'other way . . . But I couldn't look no other way then. Some power greater an' stronger'n me seemed to have holt o' my neck a-twistin' it around toward you! I 'us absolutely helpless . . . I didn't know what it wus till they got to the last verse:

"Thy pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace my sightless eyes received,
Thy love-li-ness to see."

It 'us then that the scales dropped from my eyes. An' I seen the Truth! An' when I did everything in the whole world 'us changed fer me! (*Going toward her, his arms outstretched.*) I 'us so happy I felt jist like I 'us a-floatin' away on a ocean o' joy!

JUDE (*throwing off the spell that has crept over her in spite of herself*): Well, if you felt like that you'd better let well enough alone. I couldn't make you no happier by marryin' you.

RUFE: Yes you could, Jude.

Rufe declares that it is spiritual marriage he wants, and that his thoughts about women are such that he would never be ashamed to tell them to the angels in Heaven. Sid enters in time to overhear this last remark; he explains that he has left Andy at the store with David. Rufe does his best to stir up trouble between Sid and Jude before he goes out, but with so little result that when Matt and David enter Sid informs them that he and Jude have decided to get married. Jude brings Andy back from the store, and he apologizes to Sid who gives him back his pistol. Whilst Sid is saddling his horse Rufe seizes the opportunity to take Andy aside and tells him that Sid is out for his blood. There is a storm coming up; Sid and Andy hurry off, and shortly afterwards a shot is heard. Meg rushes out and sees Sid's horse returning riderless. Fearing the worst, Matt and David go off in search of Andy with their guns; Meg and Jude follow. Rufe is left alone; to his amazement Sid returns and says that Andy has only put a bullet through his hat, but when Sid saw he meant business he turned his horse loose, "an' cut fer the bushes." Sid's suspicions are aroused as to Andy's animosity, and he questions Rufe who hysterically denies knowing anything about it; asked where the "folks" are, he says they must be out at the

(Continued on page 48)



A midsummer idyl in which the camera of Maurice Goldberg has captured the wistful and romantic charm of the crinolines. An interlude from the "Fête à Robinson" of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, posed by the dancers in the artist's studio

C · I · N · E · M · A

Filming the Popular Novel—The Problem of Pola—Mary Keeping Faith—Some New Pictures

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

IT is with increasing frequency that the screen is turning to outside sources for the material for its photoplays. Strange as it may seem, the films have not developed to any degree their own writers, with the result that it is always the short story, the latest novel, or the new play which is bought to provide a suitable vehicle for the camera star, to wit *Spring Cleaning*, *So Big*, *The Fool* and a host of others.

WRITERS in all branches of the cinema, however, are unanimous in their opinions that the time is not far off when the important screen plays will be written by those who have developed a screen technique and have learned to tell their story in pictorial form. But in the meantime producers are eagerly buying the works of eminent authors in one field or another, and as a consequence scarcely a day passes without the announcement by a film company of the acquisition of some new piece of fiction or drama. Those who witness *The Magic Skin* or *West of the Water Tower* in pictures are at a loss to understand why it is that a producing organization goes to such pains and expense in order to perpetrate what seems to be only a wild and incoherent distortion and mutilation of the original idea. This custom of buying up names and best sellers and turning them into unrecognizable film stories has caused much adverse criticism.

It may be interesting to hear how those who are responsible for the changes in an author's script feel about the matter. In other words how does a scenario writer have the temerity to take such liberties with a well-known author's work?

In nine cases out of ten they lay the blame on the censor.

THE censor is the unique individual who has been appointed keeper of the public morals. Intelligence has rarely been known to interfere with his shears. He is cantankerous and inconsistent, and his ideas of decorum vary with the State in which he happens to reside.

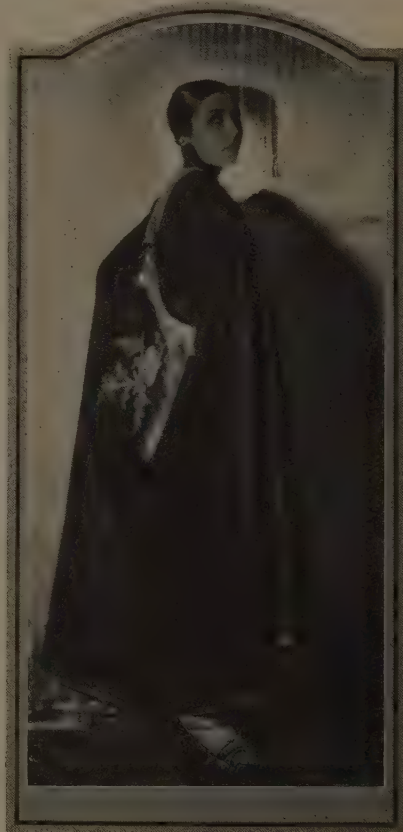
In Massachusetts, for instance, it is lawful and proper to exhibit on week days a child born out of wedlock, but by the Sabbath the child must somehow have been born within the bonds of matrimony. It is in Maryland, I believe, that no one is permitted to kiss, while in Pennsylvania and Kansas the lists of deletions amount almost to a mania.

It is doubtful, if produced as Thomas Hardy wrote it, that such a fundamentally chaste masterpiece as *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* will be permitted to offend the puritanical consciences of the censorship boards in many localities.

Why, it may be asked, do producers persist in acquiring material necessitating

elaborate alterations instead of drawing directly upon the talents of their own writers who are familiar with the limitations and characteristics of the moving picture?

Clara Beranger who prepares the scripts for William de Mille is authority for the statement that producers feel that there is less risk involved in exhibiting a subject



Havrah

ALEXANDRESCO

A Rex Ingram "find." This Roumanian actress will make her screen debut in the forthcoming film version of Edgar Selwyn's play, *The Arab*

which has already established its appeal and hence its market value.

On the other hand Frances Marion, in her varied experience, as a free lance, attributes this policy to the producer's desire to take advantage of the exceptional possibilities of additional advertising and exploitation.

How much longer this practice will prevail is a matter of speculation but the production plans for next season point to an increased demand for popular literary successes.

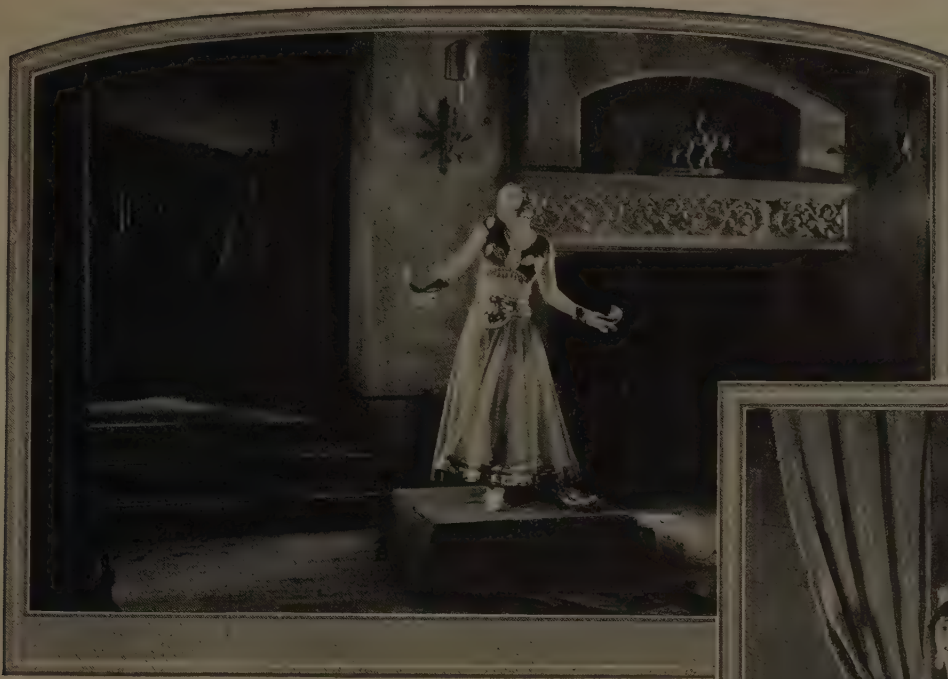
POLA NEGRI has been suffering from lack of good material since she was transplanted from European to American soil. Since Miss Negri is pre-eminently a

Continental actress, it has been, of course, a difficult problem to adapt her sophisticated style to the susceptibilities of the Middle West and the censor board, and the effort at compromise has resulted in milk-and-water characterizations totally unworthy of her vitality and fire. *Men* is a desperate and conscious effort on the part of Dmitri Buchowetzki to revive the Pola of *Passion* and other European photoplays. The story was evidently written with that end in view, and there is no doubt about it Pola certainly does act. They make her act all the time, so much so that instead of working up to a climax she is repeating herself constantly in her emotional scenes, losing thereby some of her biggest effects. The story is compounded of old and melodramatic elements but Mr. Buchowetzki, while employing some of the time-honored symbols of goodness and sullied virtue, such as the embracing of the small child and crushing of the lily under foot, has some deft and appealing touches.

The most consistent performance of the piece is that of Robert Edeson as an elderly *roué*.

YOU may recall the old poem *Not One to Spare*, always popular in the school-room, and out of this homely sentiment a picture has been made of rare and singular beauty. It is an unostentatious beauty, simply the story of a home, any home where money is scarce and affection plentiful. There are no "gigantic settings," no "all-star cast," no "soul-stirring plot"; there is nothing massive or extraordinary save the fact that here is a picture which relies for its appeal on a very direct and intelligent handling of a human problem—a mother and father are forced to sacrifice one of their children for the good of the family.

MARY PICKFORD has ransacked the chivalrous beauties of merrie England for *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, a film of many pictorial graces, but insufficient for her acting powers. To be sure her small figure and dainty face are becomingly arrayed in fetching costumes of the period, but the arts and tantrums which she employs as the young heiress are unworthy of a *Stella Maris*. We feel that she underestimates herself—otherwise there is no explanation of her choice of a rôle that overlooks her rare and distinguished talents. It is customary to associate Miss Pickford exclusively with the pretty little girl with curls, but her gifts are of a higher and more varied order as anyone will testify who saw her admirable portrayal of the dual rôle in the William J. Locke story. It was a study of rare insight and understanding. Possibly in



Gloria Swanson's latest product from Famous' Eastern studio is *Manhandled*, in which she again appears under Alan Dwan direction



Broadway After Dark is the arresting title of a new film directed by Monte Bell, in which Carmel Myers (above) is featured with Anna Q. Nilsson and Norma Shearer



Ernest Torrence will be seen in *The Mountebank*, the photoplay of the William J. Locke novel

SOMETHING NEW ON THE SCREEN

Scenes From Several Photodramas Soon to be Released

choosing to be the wilful, pouting mistress of Haddon Hall, Miss Pickford feels she is keeping faith with her public, but it is a mistaken idea of loyalty.

The best performance of the picture is given by Claire Eames recruited from the stage for Queen Elizabeth—a clean-cut, well-defined piece of work.

JOHN ROBERTSON in *The Enchanted Cottage* has made a photoplay worthy of the man who directed *Sentimental Tommy*—a picture with no false effects, just the simple unraveling of an appealing story in a subdued and delicate vein.

It gives Richard Barthelmess an opportunity for a sterling piece of character acting, and he plays the young soldier crippled alike in mind and body with a fine restraint. May McAvoy brings the necessary note of spirituality as the ugly, friendless, young woman whose love sees the transformation of the broken soldier. Miss McAvoy's make-up would do credit to an older and more experienced player.

POOR little Coogan! Victor Schertzinger who directed *A Boy of Flanders* is determined that Jackie Coogan will register something or other every few feet of film and the net result is that the unfortunate youth isn't allowed a moment of repose. While the Ouida story presents the pathetic plight of a homeless boy longing to be an artist, this pathos is never evinced by the note of tragedy latent in Coogan's big brown eyes or by the expression of his sensitive face, but rather by frequent gesticulations, the raising of arms to Heaven, and the crossing of hands on the childish breast. This spirit of unrest has communicated itself to all the other players who perpetually overact, and nothing remains but a series of picturesque and pleasing settings of old Holland.

AS regards *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* a wonderful time is had by all. Good old-fashioned melodrama done in the real spirit of the ten, twenty, thirty. Those who come to scoff remain to praise. Emmett Flynn has taken Owen Davis no more seriously than he should be taken, and for this reason we have melodrama *par excellence*. With Lew Cody as the villain, Claire Windsor as the beautiful cloak model herself and a big thrill when the heroine is rescued from the jaws of death, Nellie provides a bewildering variety entertainment. Despite her traditional sufferings, the screen has certainly "done right by our Nell."

BLUFF is another good idea gone wrong because of crude handling in the scenario department. Rita Weiman and Josephine Quirk developed a capital thought when they wrote about the part bluff plays in attaining success in a big city. Imagine the possibilities! but also imagine the jolt these experienced authors must have received when contemplating the film version of the story with all its banalities. One of those melodramatic police-court climaxes is dragged in, and notwithstanding the "presence of Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno, the picture is none too diverting.

CECIL DE MILLE has a gift for unreality. He can manufacture tinsel out of anything he touches, and as an excuse brings in the old box-office alibi. Now May Edginton's story presents an admirable study in contrasts to anyone who would take the trouble to draw characters

THE old habit of foisting insignificant film fare on the public during the hot weather has happily been discontinued, and during the ensuing summer we shall behold Marion Davies in *Janice Meredith* and Rodolph Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, which pictures were originally designed for autumnal consumption.

THE LONE WOLF, adapted from Louis Joseph Vance's novel, was so successful when produced by Selznick some years ago that the story has been done again, this time by Associated Exhibitors. There is no doubt that the new version will equal the popularity of the old. Jack Holt is seen in the rôle carried off so adeptly by Bert Lytell in the earlier film, and Dorothy Dalton plays the girl detective formerly impersonated by Hazel Dawn. But in addition to the featured players the new cast includes Wilton Lackaye, Tyrone Power and Gustave von Seyffertitz.

These actors have caught the spirit of the melodrama—which it is pure and unadulterated—and there is no gainsaying the fact that now as heretofore *The Lone Wolf* can be designated as good entertainment of its own genre.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA is probably the foremost dramatic actor on the screen to-day. His portrayals are not of the lymphatic variety so often deemed fitting fare for film patrons. His numerous contributions have been distinguished by intelligence and sincerity and have the deftness and simplicity of the true artist.

The Danger Line, his latest photoplay, was made abroad and many of the conventions that limit our own productions have been dispensed with—hence a picture of more than passing interest. We have characterizations instead of types, and ideas and idealism instead of sterile situations. The action, appropriately enough, is laid in Japan and some unusual settings have been provided. Hayakawa, as the Marquis, gives a performance of dignity and strength, and Tsuru Aoki, as the young wife whose actions are misunderstood, plays with delicacy and skill.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME is a misleading title—one naturally expects to see melodrama rampant, but those who recall the Hopwood play will labor under no such delusion. Here we have a polite skit on early married life, cleverly and humorously contrived. The story is one of those negligible affairs, but with witty sub-titles and amusing situations a genuinely diverting photoplay has been evolved.



ANTONIO MORENO

who is still capturing the hearts of screen heroines, has a setback in an interrupted wedding in *Tiger Love*

instead of situations and we fail to see why *Triumph* could not be an equally good box-office attraction if De Mille had made his contrasts plausible and subtle instead of hacking and hewing away at the plot. Even Leatrice Joy, the girl in the tin factory with aspirations to become a great artist as shown by gazing at a picture of Geraldine Farrar, fails to get anywhere, but Rod La Rocque's likable personality gives the picture what interest it possesses.

OWING to a disagreement with his producers, the whys and wherefores of which were not made public, Richard Barthelmess ceased activities for motion pictures after the making of *The Enchanted Cottage*. However, the quarrel with Inspiration has been patched up and Mr. Barthelmess has consented to return to the studio for the making of the screen version of *The Song-and-Dance Man*, in which he will enact the rôle played by George M. Cohan on the stage. This will give Barthelmess an opportunity for another of the character studies which he does so ably.



CONSTANCE
TALMADGE
who will soon be
seen in her new
comedy, *The
Goldfish*

ESTELLE
TAYLOR
a new Paramount
star with Cecil
De Mille



Waxman

Hesser



CARMEL
MYERS
the heroine of
Babbitt, which is
soon to reach the
screen



ROD LA ROCQUE
in *Code of the Sea*, a new Paramount picture

STARS OF A CELLULOID FIRMAMENT

Players Who Will Shed Rays of Light on Forthcoming Productions

Strange Beginnings of Operatic Fame—The Cases of Mmes. Galli-Curci and Jeritza

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THERE are more things in opera than are dreamt of in a music critic's philosophy. If the average critic were asked to give the requisites for success in opera he would set down a natural voice, a pleasing appearance, a sense of the theatre, a musical ear, hard work, courage, and, if he be a cynic, pull.

But there are other things, less tangible perhaps, but none the less potent. Take the case of Mme. Galli-Curci. Of the above-mentioned qualities, Mme. Galli-Curci had her share, but it was none of these qualities which brought her to success. With all these qualities she had sung for years and made no impression—then one night she sang and found herself famous. That night was the night of her début in New York in *Dinorah*. She had, it is true, sung a week or two before with equal success in Chicago, and this success was probably due to the same reasons, but it was her New York triumph which made her a world figure. And the real reasons for that triumph remain to-day an insoluble mystery.

THOSE who heard Mme. Galli-Curci last season at the Metropolitan heard a very lovely voice, very easily produced, and saw a very sympathetic personality, but they heard a singer who wandered continually from the pitch, whose *floritura* was far from brilliant, and who sang with little or no emotion. At her début Mme. Galli-Curci did sing nearer to the pitch, but otherwise she was precisely the same singer then that she is to-day, yet at that début more than one hardened critic compared her to Patti! Of course, she was never a Patti nor even a Melba or a Sembrich; to be frank, not even a Tetrizini. What was it then that so dazzled the judgment of the music critics of New York? Having been one of those critics myself, I have a hundred times asked that question—and found no answer. All I can say is that even before the curtain rose there was an excitement, a vibration in the atmosphere, a sort of will for success which was overwhelming. What produced it no man can say. But it was there and Mme. Galli-Curci was made. The New York critics have recovered from that first-night critical orgy, but the public was convinced and has remained convinced. Whenever Mme. Galli-Curci sang last season at the Metropolitan the house was sold out. Far greater artists and singers than she to-day have to content themselves with salaries one quarter of what she receives.

TAKE the case, too, of another pillar of the Metropolitan — Mme. Maria Jeritza. Now Mme. Jeritza is an artist of real merit, and one who rarely fails to interest, but she will scarcely go down into history as one of the great operatic artists

of the world. Comparisons may be invidious, odious, or anything you say they are, yet often they are justified. So I will take the bull by the horns and boldly declare that I don't think she will ever mean to the world of opera what her predecessor, Miss Geraldine Farrar, meant. To what then does Mme. Jeritza owe her present reputation? In the first place she has beauty; at least on the stage it appears like beauty. She is tall, she is lithe, and she has remarkable corn-colored hair. She



TULLIO SERAFIN

The distinguished musician who comes this Fall as chief Italian conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Signor Serafin holds in his native country a position second only to Arturo Toscanini

has great bodily agility, she has a feeling for plastic poses, and she knows the value of acrobatics. Her first real sensation was made in *Tosca* when she sang the *Vissi d'Arte* lying on her stomach. It might not have been art but it certainly was news. Yes. Mme. Jeritza has, as the newspaper slang puts it, "a nose for news." The horizontal position of her *Vissi d'Arte* took her out of the music columns and put her on the front page. From that moment she was known to every managing editor in the country and didn't need a press-agent to get her picture in the paper!

Then there was her second acrobatic stunt—her fall in *Thais*. Mme. Jeritza probably did mean to make a fall at the end of the second act of that opera, but it certainly was not the fall she made on the opening night. That fall she has never made since and she never will make it again, for the very good reason that if she does she may break her neck! It was a

fall which shook the proscenium arch and which brought a rather bored audience to its feet in thunders of applause. No such fall had ever before been seen at the Metropolitan—for it was a fall that was not intended. In turning to run down a flight of steps Mme. Jeritza had tripped on her gown, and what she had intended for acting had become reality. Luckily Mme. Jeritza was only slightly bruised—but her fortune as *Thais* was made, and even Mary Garden had to take a back seat. Truly luck, too, has been on Mme. Jeritza's side. Mme. Jeritza has an excellent voice, she has appearance, a sense of the theatre, and a keen intelligence. But when we have said this let us also add that she often uses her voice badly, that she has little true distinction, or subtlety of feeling. She has, for instance, never yet done anything as sincere or as perfect as the Cio-Cio-San, the Manon, or the Goose-Girl of Miss Farrar. The nearest that she has approached it has been in her Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*, a part in which there was no possibility for acrobatics. So acrobatics plus luck must be added to the qualities which have made Maria Jeritza.

IT is a relief to turn from these more or less factitious triumphs to such completely honest ones as Clarence Whitehill's Hans Sachs, or to such singing as Miss Rethberg's in *Aida*, as Mr. Gigli's in *Martha*, as Mr. Chamlee's in *La Traviata*, and Mr. Schorr's as Wolfram. It is such things as these, such things, too, as Miss Bori's Fiora and the last three acts of her Violetta, such things of course as Mr. Chaliapin's Boris, which make one feel that even in opera sincerity still has a place. Mr. Edward Johnson's Romeo has likewise a place in this gallery, and is particularly gratifying in giving the lie to the charge that the Anglo-Saxon man cannot be romantic. Of Clarence Whitehill Americans ought in particular to be proud, for Mr. Whitehill, though of revolutionary stock, is without a superior among Wagnerian baritones, and has proved that a farmer boy from the plains of Iowa is as much at home among the rocks of the Nibelungen as any blond Teuton from the Rhine. Other artists whose presence during the past season at the Metropolitan are remembered with pleasure are Rosa Ponselle, who sings such old opera as *Forza del Destino* and *Ernani*, as no other living singer can sing them, even though in other things she at times seems crude in style; Giuseppe De Luca, one of the few remaining masters of *bel canto*; Giovanni Martinelli, sterling though somewhat uneven dramatic tenor; Adamo Didur, one of the most accomplished actors on the operatic stage; José Mardones, and those two supreme artists in secondary parts, Angelo Bada and George Meader.



© Mishkin

EDWARD JOHNSON

A son of Canada whose vocal art and romantic personality have made him a worthy rival of Lucien Muratore for the position of the world's leading romantic tenor



© Mishkin

LUCREZIA BORI

The charm of her voice and the pathos of her acting have made Dumas' consumptive heroine live again on the operatic stage in the figure of Violetta Valery



GIUSEPPE DE LUCA

A living disproof of the charge that the days of *bel canto* are no more, Signor De Luca, whenever he sings at the Metropolitan, gives a lesson every singer should take to heart



Nicholas Murray

MONA GONDRE

A young French diseuse who, in her costume recitals, has proved herself a veritable pocket edition of Yvette Guilbert



MARIA IVOGUN

Foremost of the younger German coloratura sopranos, Miss Ivogun is equally delightful on the opera and concert stages



Lumière

HELENA MARSH

Whose success on the concert stage has been won through hard work, a rich contralto voice, intelligence, and beauty of face and figure

SOME VIBRATIONS OF MUSIC JOYS TO COME

Six Singers Who Still Hold Aloft the Torch of Vocal Art

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

Gertie Stays Straight—The Vest-Pocket Juliet—Barton or Nijinsky—The Poor Aesthetes

By BLAND JOHANESON

(Sketches by Maurice Maxeville)

HERE at last we have the ebullient genius of Mr. Edgar Allan Woolf in full flower! Some of that appreciation of his talent shown so markedly by the booking-office we finally have come to share. For the latest glittering chain which he has



forged to anchor a star to the two-a-day is sheer, transcendent, monumental rot—"the bunk" run riot. And the unabashed charms and flamboyant personality of Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt ride in this vehicle to heights of dullness and stupidity only a supreme master of twaddle could essay.

Mr. Woolf has overreached himself. Here is the most unfunniest comedy servant in his great galaxy of them—the most purest little working girl—the biggest and best of his familiar breed of disillusioned boulevardiers, the gent who lisp, "Ah, me, what are the wimmen coming to?" and then falls hard for a lily his satiated eye detects beneath the unlvely traces of the gutter.

This is *Gertie*. Much mouthings of "travel," "champagne," "cocktails," "jazz." The rich young man who takes a girl from a tenement to be educated ("object matrimony") goes off to Europe and returns to find her in *outré* clothes and faintly tight, but still at heart the simple maiden to which she reverts in a sudden flood of light. With all this a "motherly" housekeeper and the typical Woolf furbishings of a high-life comedy drama. Pretty awful.

Miss Vanderbilt strains hard for her comedy as the gentle hat-check girl and is more amusing as the reactionary dizzy damsel. But even the glint of her personality is eclipsed by the gaudy splendor of Mr. Woolf's consummate mastery of blah.



ONCE more vaudeville has given The Bard a tumble. Miss Julia Arthur's *Hamlet* having gotten by without any *I'm just crazy 'bout Hammy* jazz song-and-dance from Ophelia, now we have the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Miriam Battista, the ten-year-old picture star, has proved herself an actress long ago, but here as the flapper Capulet she can show the Misses Cowl and Barrymore something of charm, beauty and sincerity. A rich, melodious voice, imagination, an understanding subtly mature, the little actress gives a beautiful performance.

Charles Eaton, who is twelve, is a charming little boy but a most mechanical Romeo and reads his lines as though he were a city-slicker handing a maiden a

routine line of talk. But the performance is in excellent taste, and Miss Sara Truax who coached and directed the children is to be highly complimented on the finish and artistry of their work.

IF the serious dance, the æsthetic dance, or the interpretive dance has anything to show which for sheer grace and beauty equals the waltz-burlesque of the fluent-legged James Barton they had better produce it to save their gauze-strewn skins. Here is humor expressed in terms of the dance so delicately, so slyly, so beautifully, that it borrows the dignity of its medium, and makes mere fun-poking an art of sheer loveliness. Mr. Barton's method is intensely solemn only slight exaggeration, and it is his restraint and gravity which raise him so high above the clownish exponents of the dance burlesque. He is determined to be graceful, to be beautiful, to dance divinely. And by his oblivion to "being funny," he becomes superbly so.

You are familiar with his classic drunk. That once more is in the halls, unchanged, for there is no change possible. There he is, in the desolate aloneness of a monumental jag, alone yet among crowds, surrounded yet still gloriously alone, the very incarnation of the condition "de trop." Gay and friendly, then so desperately sad. He imagines he recognizes friends. He feels foolishly merry. Woe assails him. He weeps. He argues. He ventures to flirt. He grows gloriously maudlin. Just genteelly drunk.

And with this fantastic creature you realize that this is a chronic, staple condition, unvarying. He is never more or less so. There are no degrees among which his state wavers. For him no mental blanks. No torturous morning. He is just there, that way, moving through an alcoholic fog, a touching record of the pre-bathtub-distilling Era and its decent joys.

HOW the inspired efforts of the eminent Messrs. Clark and McCullough ever circumvented Mr. E. F. Albee's well-known and widely exploited aversion to the color that's known as "blue" is a problem fraught with vast possibilities for fun. The delicate burlesque odor of their work still clings to it, even after a season in the refined setting of a Hazzard Short production. If Bobby Clark is not the funniest man in the halls with his insinuating adventures in a crowded hotel, my taste has been warped by the strained jokes of the song-and-dance team and the witty banter of the acrobats.

THERE has been a healthy decline lately of the high-art fever which threatened to burn up honest diversion early in the season. Many of the fancy æsthetic entertainments have found their way to the shelf. Of course, with the playful little "work a week then skip two" system of act juggling, and four union stagehands drawing salary whether they set the rhinestone-speckled green-plush banana bushes or not, the booking offices have done most of the laughing.



Some of the good, lively acts have lost out. But the inspired balloon chasers, expressing ecstasy according to the best routine of the Humpty-Dumpty Studios of Stage Dancing seem finally to have slipped and sat on their little bubbles for the general relief of the halls.

NOW the thing to do is to put some polish on such youths as Mr. William Seabury and let them hold the field. A gorgeous dancer, this, but crude. He has discarded his pretentious idea of a music-show with plenty of girls, and now appears with an extraordinarily gifted partner, a damsel yclept "company," which title covers a multitude of headline vanities. Mr. Seabury does his same dances which have been delightful, lo, these many years. And he does them with the same sensational perfection. But why will every dancer challenge the Four Readings or their hand-to-hand *allex-yup* gymnastic brotherhood with an eternal and perpetual *Adagio* finale! There is hardly an act in vaudeville which doesn't conclude with a disheveled wrestling match, and there is hardly a danseuse who isn't borne aloft and carried into the wings by some virile laddie in pink tights at the conclusion. These don't go this far. Mr. Seabury too dearly loves to keep on his hat. But they do some frenzied catch-as-catch-can clutching.

LONG ago I remarked here that Ben Bernie's young jazz-band was too good for his jazzy dinner-suit. The band has passed on into the Whiteman class and the suit probably has descended upon one of the maestro's pet yes-men. Now both the orchestra and the new clothes are too good for the conductor. The band plays some of the most inspiring dance music I have heard, on those rare occasions when Mr. Bernie is not wise-cracking in a magenta spot. His clowning is terrible, though he always has enough relations at the Palace on Monday to fool even Eddie Darling, the brilliant demon booking-man.



Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



THE precipitate departure of GERTRUDE BRYAN from the cast of *Sitting Pretty* has been and continues to be a tidbit of gossip causing much wonderment along the Street. It is rarely indeed that one remembers any performance by an artist in a musical show past the season in which it opened, and yet when Miss Bryan returned to Broadway in *Sitting Pretty* a few weeks ago after a ten-year absence from the stage her bewitching performance in *Little Boy Blue* was vividly recalled by the first-night audience. Many of my readers will recall, too, her delightful song, *Read In My Eyes, Love Never Dies!* which was a classic a decade ago. She had been urged to quit retirement by the Messrs. Kern, Bolton and Wodehouse, creators of *Sitting Pretty*, and her reappearance on the stage called for the warmest approval by her audiences and the critics. It was manifest that ten years of idle luxury as the wife of a rich man had rendered her no less lovely, her voice no less charming and the management and authors of the show were complimented upon their idea of casting her and their skill at causing Miss Bryan's husband to overcome his unwillingness for her to re-enter the theatre. Two weeks after the opening Miss Bryan was handed her notice by F. RAY COMSTOCK, the manager of *Sitting Pretty*, and was dropped back into the idleness which she had abandoned at the earnest behest of the same gentleman. No reasons were given for the action and the management was entirely within its legal rights. Understand it if you can—Broadway cannot.



Picture people were amused to see that in the filming of JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S book *Cytherea*, the author's own title was retained after all despite the outspoken intention of the owners of the picture rights to alter the name and bring it within the comprehension of "Lizzie." As a matter of fact, it was believed that not only was the title to be changed for picture purposes but also the story was to be mangled out of recognition, making it seem rather curious that the producers should have bought the property at all. But now it has been filmed and the story is reasonably similar to Hergesheimer's and the title *Cytherea* has been retained and I understand it is playing to wopping grosses out West. "Lizzie" may be improving after all!

Talking of Hergesheimer and *Cytherea* brings to mind that Broadway had a great kick out of that author's piece in the *American Mercury* recently on LILLIAN GISH. Of course it was well known to those on the inside of the Algonquin élite that the picture actress in *Cytherea* was intended by Hergesheimer as a portrait of Miss Gish. Now in his recent article the writer makes that boldly manifest and in a type of writing that more nearly approaches the confidential disclosures of GEORGE MOORE lays bare for the world his inner feelings on the subject of that charming young lady!

During a Sunday dress rehearsal of the big Equity Show at the Metropolitan Opera House recently all the hundreds of players had to get into costume and make-up at their own theatres or homes due to a lack of accommodations at the Metropolitan. Inasmuch as the rehearsal dragged on for many hours there was nothing for the artists to do but hang about or wander through the streets and New York has witnessed no more bewildering scandal than a gentleman in the panoply of a high dignitary of the church wandering along Broadway and winding up ultimately at a speak-easy on Forty-first Street where, after knocking thrice at its portal, he passed a genial hour at its bar without his mitre or whatever it might be called once falling from his head!

It does not take the old town long to be rendered callous to things once thought shocking. If, during the course of action of a play two or three months back, a young lady in inviting the amorous attentions of a young gentleman stripped herself bare to the waist, tickets for the event would have sold at monumental figures, the press would be full of the "outrage" and the police would finally close the show. But now, after a full season of blossoming bosoms in *Artists and Models*, that sort of thing can't make a stir. If one can see thirty charming misses bare to the waist, why, argues Broadway, should one pay to see only one such sight? As a result *Flame of Love*, first at the Morosco for a few weeks and then at the Empire, died a languishing death to pitiful receipts.

The difficult situation into which HENRY MILLER was forced by Equity victory means probably the permanent retirement from the theatre of that fine actor and great director. As the guiding light of the Fidelity League, Miller led the war against Equity Shop, but unsuccessfully, due to the wholesale surrender early in the game of the house-owning managers who feared to lose money on their tremendous real-estate holdings. Miller has gone so on record as opposed to Equity Shop as to make it well-nigh impossible to continue without a considerable reversal of his views and principles. Inasmuch as he is personally answerable to no one he is in a position to quit which most, if not all, other managers are not. Miller is a mighty favorite on the West Coast and it would not surprise me to see him organize a permanent repertory or stock company in California; if so, and he never again played in New York, I can well believe that Miller's organization would soon become a world-famous Mecca for the lover of the theatre's best. Or he may return to London, whence he came many years ago. But this I doubt.

Miller's probable retirement from Eastern activity lets the mantle of our finest stage director fall upon the shoulders of ROBERT MILTON. The latter seems generally to be recognized as the stellar producer among the younger men and his services are the most sought for by managers of any other director in the field. As a matter of fact I understand that these will no longer be available. Commencing next season Milton is to start producing "on his own," a state of affairs that has long been looked for and hoped for.



The semi-scanal which attended the award of the Pulitzer Prize for the best drama of the year to HATCHER HUGHES for his play *Hell-Bent Fer Heaven* takes the shine off the honor in a way which might certainly have been anticipated by the awarding board. Inasmuch as the "play committee" recommended the award of the prize to GEORGE KELLY for *The Show-Off*, and inasmuch as the decision of the play committee has always been taken by the higher board in the past, trouble was bound to ensue. But when it developed that the higher board was entirely influenced in its reversal of *The Show-Off* decision by Professor BRANDER MATTHEWS, of Columbia University, and it appears that Hughes is an assistant of Matthews in the dramatic department of Columbia the thing is said to take on an unpleasant aspect. All of which is unfortunate because certainly whether influence were used unfairly or not, Hughes' play is a remarkably fine one and it is a pity that the honor given him by the large board of newspaper men who function as final arbiter of all awards should be sullied. One simply wonders why Matthews, who has nothing whatever to do with the Pulitzer Committee or its sub-boards and is not supposed to be apprised of its pending awards, which are kept secret until given the press, should have had the occasion to make his decisive recommendation.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



Above: The chief character in this scene from *Gaius and Gaius, Jr.*, by Lucy Cobb of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is drawn from life in the old plantation days. George Denny is shown as Mr. Gaius Mayfield, an irascible old gentleman of the old school—a realistic portrait of an outlived past; Margaret Jones as Mrs. Mayfield, and Theodore Livingstone as Gaius, Jr.

Right: Elizabeth Taylor as "Mrs. Zimmer," a Colorado mountain character from *The Berry Pickers*, a comedy of Colorado folk life, by Russell Potter, who came to the Carolina Playmakers from the West, where he gathered the material for his play. This was the first play to be produced by the Playmakers, representing a section of the country other than North Carolina



Nat Macon's Came, by Oaler Bailey of Raleigh, dramatizes a true incident in the Colonial history of North Carolina. The scene shows Nathaniel Macon, one of North Carolina's greatest statesmen, playing a game of cards for the hand of Miss Hannah Plummer. James Hawkins is shown as Macon; Theodore Livingstone as John Carleton, Kitty Lee Frasier as Mrs. Plummer and Daisy Cooper as Hannah Plummer

Folk Plays Reminiscent of Other Days

These scenes which take one back to Plantation and Colonial days are from plays written around actual episodes in the history of North Carolina, by members of Professor Koch's Carolina Playmakers, at the University of North Carolina. Long before plays of the Southern mountains made their first appearance on the professional stage, the Playmakers were writing and producing their plays of the mountains, with students from the mountain districts acting the familiar rôles, and we wonder if these same Carolina Playmakers may not have inspired the present vogue, on the professional stage, for plays of the mountaineer school. We have in mind *Sun Up*, *The Shame Woman* and *Hell Bent Fer Heaven*, which have enjoyed long runs on Broadway



The Thespians of Penn State College in their latest musical comedy, *The Magazine Cover Girl*, produced under the direction of the Ned Wayburn Studios. R. W. Graham is shown in the rôle of Jean Morrison, the model, surrounded by a chorus of admiring artists. Mr. Wayburn tells us he has never seen a finer-looking chorus, even on Broadway—and Mr. Wayburn should know! The entire production was designed and executed by The Thespians

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

THE LITTLE THEATRE TOURNAMENT

THE second annual Little Theatre Tournament at the Belasco Theatre, New York, May 5th to 10th came to a close, with the Dallas Little Theatre carrying off the honors and the Belasco Cup. These enterprising players from the Lone-Star State made the long trip from Texas to New York to try their talents—perhaps for the first time in a professional theatre—and before a critical audience, in competition with some of our most highly organized Little Theatre groups in and around New York. It was a sporting thing to do and they deserved the honors that crowned their effort. As we go to press they are on their way across the continent to present their winning play, *Judge Lynch*, at the Drama League Convention at Pasadena. Their Director, Mr. Oliver Hinsdell, whose splendid work with Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré of New Orleans, will be remembered, has received felicitations on all sides, as well as offers of Broadway engagements for two of his group.

Seventeen Little Theatre groups competed—The Montclair (N. J.) Repertoire

Players; The Manor Club Players of Pelham Manor, N. Y.; The Lighthouse Players of Manhattan; The Alliance Players of Jersey City; The Bensonhurst Theatre Guild, Brooklyn, N. Y.; The Brooklyn Players; The Fairfield Players of Greenwich; The Stockbridge Stocks of New York; The Adelphi Dramatic Association of Brooklyn; The Little Theatre of Dallas; The Kittredge Players of New York; The Playshop of Pelham Manor, Community Players of Mt. Vernon, The Garden Players of Forest Hills, N. Y.; The Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, N. Y.; The MacDowell Club Repertory Theatre of New York; and the Fireside Players of White Plains, N. Y. Second prizes went to The Alliance Players of Jersey City and The Garden Players of Forest Hills, L. I., and Thomas Wood Stevens' *The Nursery Maid*, presented by the Community Players of Mt. Vernon, brought them honorable mention.

An account of the Tournament, however brief, would be incomplete without mention of The Lighthouse Players. These blind players, with all the sureness of sighted actors, presented a tender little play, *My Lady Dreams* with charm and

feeling that brought moisture to many eyes in the audience.

A REAL PEOPLE'S THEATRE

THE announcement of the organization of The Carolina Dramatic Association—an offshoot of the Bureau of Community Drama, of the University of North Carolina, Extension Division, marks the beginning of a real People's Theatre in that State. Ethel Theodora Rockwell, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and author and director of a score of large community dramas of the State, will supervise the work.

Her services will be available to schools, communities and clubs and there will be no charge entailed other than the cost of Miss Rockwell's traveling expenses.

The aim of the new organization is "to encourage the writing and production of original plays and pageants to raise the standard of dramatic production throughout the State and to promote the drama as a valuable and educational influence in the community." To this end practical assistance is offered in the selection and production of classic and modern plays—especially in the high schools.

A NEW PLAY SERVICE

ONE of the New York publishers has just entered the field of amateur plays, with a series of recent Broadway successes, arranged in such a thorough-going manner that amateur groups, schools and colleges will overwhelm them with orders, once they learn how much more this new service offers than any other they have ever known before.

So far these publishers have on their lists, *Icebound*, by Owen Davis; *Enter Madame*, by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne; *A Menonite Maid*, by Helen R. Martin; and *The New Poor*, by Cosmo Hamilton, but they plan to add to the list some of the best plays appearing in this country and abroad, each year.

With each play rental they furnish a players' prompt book and a Director's Manuscript, including in the latter, full details of stage settings, lighting plots, stage business, costumes and properties. In other words, each play is completely staged for amateur use—when possible the scenery is reduced to one set, photographs of sets and characters are shown and the stage business covering all the action of the original professional production is so cleverly arranged that this service should prove a boon to amateur producers.

The royalty on the four plays already included in the series is at the very low rate of \$25.00—which places within the reach of amateur groups, some of the newest and best plays, together with the exact manner of their production. For the name and address of these publishers, address "The Amateur Editor."

THE GUILD PLAYERS

THE present season saw the beginning of a new era for the Guild Players of the University Settlement, New York, which has been reorganized on the basis of a co-operative Little Theatre under the direction

of Mr. William Sauter, formerly on the staff of Walter Hampden.

The first program of the season was a bill of two one-act plays—*The Little Stone House*, by James Calderon; and Shaw's *The Man of Destiny*. The program was repeated on five evenings during February and March.

"CAP AND BELLS"

MILNE'S whimsical character sketch, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, chosen for the annual offering of *Cap and Bells*, Williams College, was a distinct departure from their policy of the last few years, which has been to present only one-act plays. *Mr. Pim* was given two performances at Williamstown, Mass., and single performances at Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Columbus, Wellesley, Hartford and New York, and the play was one of the features of the Senior Prom. at Wellesley, where it was produced under the auspices of "The Barnswallows," the Wellesley Dramatic Club.

Hayward S. Thompson, of Farmington, Conn., played the part of Olivia Marden, and Russell P. Harden, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had the equally difficult rôle of Dinah. John T. Baxter, of Minneapolis, was the fussy, absent-minded, old Mr. Pim.

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP

IT will come as a distinct shock and surprise to his many friends and followers to learn of the resignation of Sam Hume from the University of California. The resignation was the result of a controversy between Professor Hume and President Wheeler of the University, regarding the character of plays which Hume selected—the storm centering around *Wild Birds* and *S. S. Tenacity*, both of which were termed risqué in theme by the faculty and President Wheeler.

A group of society folk, in co-operation with the Brooklyn Music School Settlement, are campaigning for \$200,000 with which to erect a Little Theatre Building for the use of the various Little Theatre groups of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Committee in charge of the campaign is headed by Judge Frederick E. Crane, and it is planned to locate the proposed Little Theatre auditorium in back of the Academy of Music.

The Little Theatre Society of Indiana gave an outdoor performance of *Twelfth Night* for their last bill of the season, at the home of Mrs. Hartley Sherwood, Indianapolis.

Early in May the Pasadena Community Players presented a program of four one-act plays which were entered in the Drama League Contest of the Pasadena Center. Included in the program were *Boots*, by Ransom Rideout of Berkeley; *It Couldn't Happen to Us*, by Nancy Burney Cox of Portland; *The Duchess and the Dancer*, by Alice W. Alden of Los Angeles; and the prize play, *The Sponge*, by Alice C. D. Riley of Evanston. This program was followed the succeeding week by *David Garrick*, by T. W. Robertson, and as we go to press, plans are going forward for the laying of the corner-stone of their new theatre, and for the entertainment of the hosts of Little Theatre representatives that are expected at Pasadena for the forthcoming Convention.

The Play Production Class of Grinnell College recently presented a bill of one-act plays which included "The Aulis Difficulty," by Maurice Baring; "The Sequel," by Percival Wilde; "The Last of the Lowries," by Paul Greene, and "The Proposal," by Anton Tchekoff.



The Milne comedy, *Belinda*, as produced by the Little Theatre of Dallas, Texas, under the direction of Oliver Hinsdell, with Mrs. R. E. Knight, Jr., as Belinda; Mr. Harry Woolley as Mr. Devenish and Miss Francis Hunt as Delia. The Dallas group were contestants in the recent Little Theatre Tournament, at the Belasco Theatre, New York, where they covered themselves with glory and carried off the Belasco cup, and the glowing praise of Mr. Belasco himself, for their splendid acting.

Scenes from their winning play, and an account of their activities, will be published in the next issue

The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Charles LeMaire

Angelina in a costume of black and white, relieved by a white charmeuse scarf with an orange border and a marigold button-hole, lunches with Tubby at The Biltmore before going to the matinée

Having been requested by Tubby to buy herself a box of candy for the performance, she descends to the candy shop on Forty-third Street and carries away an orange box containing the delicious new Ming candy



I LUNCHEd at The Biltmore with Tubby on a coolish summer Saturday recently. He was taking me to "The Cobra," which I had not yet seen, but which he had. Besides its being very thrilling and awfully well done, he said, there were Judith Anderson's gowns from Milgrim for me to admire . . . he knew I'd be particularly keen about the canary yellow evening frock . . . as well as the new leading man, Louis Calhearn, who looks so much like our late visitor, Prince Youssouppoff . . .

Tubby complimented me at lunch on my black and white get-up, a combination of which he's particularly fond, though he says few women make the most of it they should . . .

"But they're better this year than they have been, don't you think," I asked, "since fashion is helping them with so many suggestions . . . Of course the very last scream for your black and white is the smallest snack of color . . . Last month it was black and white and not a touch else . . . This month we have a suspicion of a color spotted in the black and white pattern of our scarf and a *boutonniere* to match . . . a King blue dot for instance in the scarf and a buttonhole of corn-flowers, or a scarlet cube with a red camellia . . . and so on . . . You will note, as to myself, that my white charmeuse scarf has orange in the border and that I sport a marigold . . ."

As we came from the dining-room Tubby asked if I'd mind going on ahead to the matinée, as he had to meet a man . . . he'd be in by the end of the first act . . .

"Console yourself with a box of candy until I arrive," he advised, crushing a bill into my hand and rushing off . . .

I went down onto the street and looked into the window of the candy shop underneath The Biltmore . . . In it were displayed the most intriguing looking boxes, black, and orange, and turquoise blue, with some kind of Chinese design on them . . . I hastened inside the shop and requested to see a box . . .

"They're enchanting," I said to the girl behind the counter. "What kind of candy in them?"

"It's the new Ming candy," she replied, "to go with the rage for Mah Jong . . . The candy is made of Chinese fruits in the shape of the Mah Jong tiles . . ."

She pulled out one of the little drawers which the candy box possessed, and sure enough, inside were exact replicas of the tiles, shape, size and coloring . . . a *fondant* of Chinese fruits representing the back of the tile, and icing in white marked with colors the different Winds and Dragons and Bamboos . . . Each piece of candy reposed in its own decorative little fluted case of white paper ringed with orange or green or brown . . .

"And besides all that it's really good to eat?" I inquired.

"Delicious!" said the girl . . . Whereupon a sale transpired then and there . . .

"You'd better have an orange box," she observed, regarding my color scheme . . .

"Right you are," I returned. "And in that case don't wrap it up . . . I'll carry

it across town as part of the picture."

I tucked the box under my arm and departed . . .

Outside on 43rd Street a bright display in the florist's window next the candy shop caught my eye and I stopped for a second to gaze . . . As I turned to go on, who should I bump into but that attractive and good-looking creature John Nelson, whom I hadn't seen since last Spring and the days of The Bispham Club in Macdougall Alley . . .

Or, yes . . . I had to . . . at the concert of his own compositions in the Town Hall this winter, for which he'd sent me tickets . . . Only I hadn't spoken to him then . . .

He assumed to be pleased to see me again, made some *gentil* remark about the picture I made against the floral background, and then added with a grin . . .

"Ah, fine! I see you're carrying my candy."

"Your candy!" I exclaimed. "Whad-dye mean your candy!"

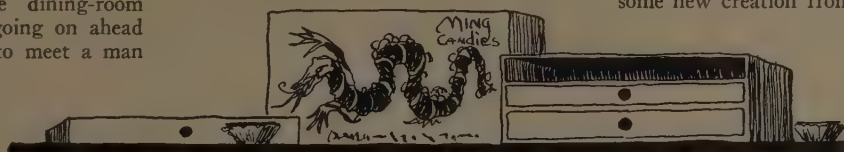
"Just that . . . mine," responded Mr. Nelson, "I make the Ming candy."

"How perfectly thrilling!" I cried. "Tell me quickly and in words of one syllable how it all happened."

And this, much abbreviated was how . . .

Last fall he had been out for a week-end with Mrs. DeLancey Nicoll, and it being a rainy Sunday and Mrs. Nicoll being an admirer of a certain creative gift in cooking he possessed, put in a plea for some new creation from his hands . . . He

had happened to bring with him from town some Chinese fruits and with these he made a kind of fudge, about which everyone was



The new Ming candy, a product of the Mah Jong furore, is made of "the ten Imperial fruits," and comes in fascinating boxes of orange or turquoise, adorned with a perfectly authentic Chinese dragon in black, or in black with a red dragon

(Right) Margaret Mower, the radiant purity of whose beauty eminently fitted her for the rôle of the Angel in *The Wonderful Visit*, the Wells-Ervine play in which she scored a tremendous personal hit



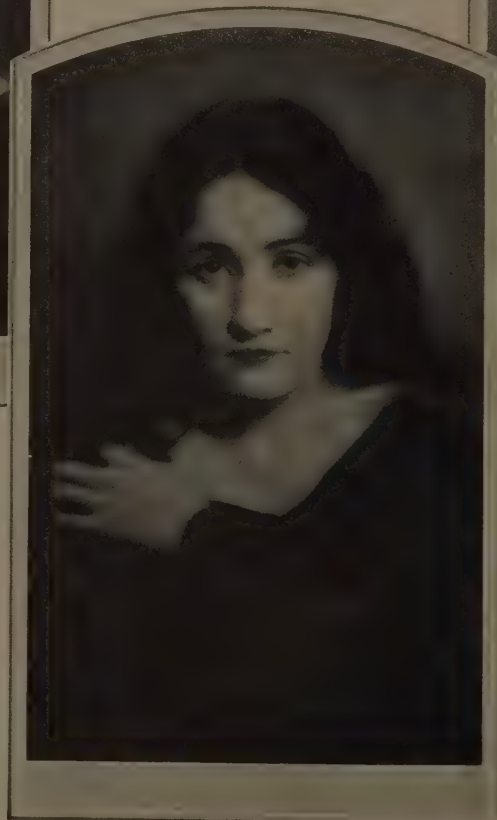
(Below) Mary James, another of England's cultured gentlewomen who has adopted the stage as a career, and whose compelling charm is soon to be woven into the tapestry of a Broadway production



Photographs by
Goldberg



(Above) Helen Holcomb, the sister of caricaturist Wynn, whose exotic personality and elfin winsomeness are contributed to the support of Elliott Dexter in his current vaudeville sketch



(Left) Mary Carroll, whose gentle and romantic loveliness breathe charm into the rôle of Mamie, the thoughtless, irritable flapper daughter of the reigning middle-class comedy family, *The Potters*

PICTURESQUE STAGE PERSONALITIES

Four Young Actresses Whose Beauty and Charm Are of Unusual and Interesting Types

The newest idea in shoe shops is The Rossiter Shoe Shop on Madison Avenue, where the stock, save for a show case or two, is kept out of sight, and comfortable arm-chairs and small sofas in Wedgewood tones of blue and putty, against blue walls, give an atmosphere intimate and restful and altogether "conducive" to the business in hand



most enthusiastic . . . "Why don't you put that on the market?" Mrs. Nicoll suggested, "it's not only delicious, but such healthy candy as well!" . . . And . . . well, to make a long story short, he had . . . All the smart shops were selling it and at the Park Avenue Fair that afternoon Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Peggy Wood and two others were going to play Mah Jong with the Ming candy tiles . . .

Time was up for me and I hopped into an orange taxi, hugging my orange box, with which I intended *épatant* Tubby . . .

"Come and have tea with me on the East side some afternoon," called Mr. Nelson as he closed the taxi door. "I have rooms and live over my shop like a delicatessen owner" . . .

Wasn't that interestingly modern to find business and the arts in such a harmonious combination!

My best experiences lately seem to be connected with hotels . . . After the one just mentioned with regard to the Ming candy I had an equally gainful one at The Ritz . . . I went there to have tea with a friend and stepped into the dressing-room beforehand to powder my nose . . . That accomplished, my attention was caught by a show case of the most stunning looking shoes . . . They had individuality and distinction . . . not the models one had already seen in the other shops . . . They were different looking and yet shoes altogether "for ladies," as the saying goes . . . I made inquiries as to where they came from, and on learning, a mental note to

visit the shop the very next day . . . I was going to a week-end out in Westchester, where I knew my hostess and the women of the party would be *très chic* as to costumes . . . A pair or two of striking shoes, such as no one else had, might help me in the competing I knew I should have to do . . .

The Ritz was dull that afternoon . . . It was rainy and cold and no one was wearing anything new, so Betty and I gave our whole attention to our tea and toast and gossip.

"Betty," I said, "have you ever heard of Rossiter shoes? I just saw the most stunning case of them in the dressing-room . . .

"Certainly darling," responded Betty promptly, "I bought three pairs only two weeks ago. You don't mean to say you're learning about them for the first time!"



The shoes in this unique shop shown above are both ready-to-wear and custom made. A shoe of the former type is an entrancing one of white kid with cut-outs filled with either patent or navy kid; and of the latter a dark tan leather with patent leather trimming

"Yes, I suppose so," I had to concede reluctantly, "I suppose even Jove has a blind spot now and then, as the saying might go, but doesn't . . . You will grant me, won't you, that the place is comparatively new? How did you come to know about it?"

"Oh, I've forgotten who told me . . . someone," said Betty vaguely. "But I do know that several smart actresses patronize the shop . . . Mary Pickford was there with her mother the morning I was . . . buying shoes for her European trip, I imagine . . . You must go, Angelina, if only to see the shop . . . it's unique . . . just the sort of thing you love . . . one not so large room, more like a little salon than a shop . . ."

When I went to visit the Rossiter shop next morning I found it just as Betty had said . . . one largish room, like a small salon, done exquisitely in blue and putty on the Wedgewood tones, with armchairs and little sofas covered with chintz to match . . . There were only a few shoes to be seen here and there . . . One gave an idea of what one wanted and then models were brought for one's inspection . . . Certain shoes were to be had ready to wear, and others had to be made up to one's measure . . . I'm sure it must have been Mr. Rossiter who was called into consultation about a white pair of pumps I wanted to order . . . a young and most swanky person . . . I was told after that one of the reasons for his interest in the matter of — shall we say — "better"

shoes, was because he had himself studied dancing and at one time appeared on the stage . . . that gave him ideas about comfort for shoes, as well as design . . .

One pair of shoes I was able to buy outright and the other I had to have made to order from the model . . . Of course with a custom-made shoe you get certain advantages of fit and wearing quality . . . a shoe of this sort, for instance, keeps its shape to the very end . . . and then you're not nearly so likely to see it duplicated everywhere, so that you don't grow tired of it.

The ready-to-wear shoe was a white kid sandal with a graceful cut-out pattern on the toe and heel, filled in with dark-blue kid . . . it could be had combined with patent leather, but I preferred my black-and-white combination in another ravishing model, a patent leather trimmed with white kid and having a little black and white cameo buckle . . . The white shoes came also with their cut-outs in light-colored kids to go with summer dresses . . . They really were extraordinarily lovely and odd, and you may see them in the sketch on the opposite page . . . I knew I should make a hit with my blue and navy pair . . . I found at the Rossiter shop the Deauville sandal, that imported beach shoe made of narrow strips of a kind of soft leather in reds and blues and greens, through which the foot shows . . . I found it, too, with the flat heel, an improvement considering its purpose, over those with the high heel . . . and at a much lower price than that at which the other shops were offering it . . .

So much for the Rossiter shop and its shoes . . . unless perhaps you'd like to know that coming out of its door I passed Grace George going in . . . and looking as smart as usual.

Up Madison I walked . . . lunched at the Piping Rock restaurant of which I have become quite fond . . . and after over onto Fifth to indulge my pet vice, peering into shop windows . . . Hickson's window lured me inside to ask the price of a certain frock . . . and there I saw a hat and scarf set that I just had to have to go with my blue tailleur and to wear out to Westchester . . . The hat was a cloche of white felt and the scarf and the matching thick twist around the crown were of white silk, coin-spotted in the new powder-blue shade . . . And then after all I didn't wear them . . . because Tubby insisted that I should drive out with him in his roadster, though I had planned to go out with the crowd on the train and have some fun . . . But Tubby



At Altman's fan counter Angelina was happy to find some adorable, inexpensive summer fans of French muslin adorned with designs of roses or wistaria in Pompadour or Empire shades, and having painted wooden sticks in light and dark brown

was determined he would drive and as he couldn't find anyone to go with him, I became the sacrificial goat . . . A mist came on . . . we took the wrong turning and didn't arrive on time . . . not in fact till tea and cocktails were over and everybody had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner . . . I was damp and depressed and I must confess thoroughly cross with Tubby . . .

Once inside my room, however, my crossness passed away . . . It was all in French blue . . . one of my two favorite shades . . . there was a jolly fire of pine knots burning on the hearth, and vases of white lilacs . . . and in a second the maid



Angelina drops in to inspect the new novelty counter at Altman's and is shown a purple pelican ash receiver; the gold-tooled blue-leather writing-desk; a pigskin writing-case, locked in brass, to take traveling; and gold-tooled leather book-covers

had knocked to see if I needed anything and should she bring me one beginning with an M or with a B . . . I chose for an M . . . and while waiting I looked around my blue room further . . . Everything was in exquisite taste and harmony, but possibly the object that fascinated me most was the trickiest and most complete of small writing-desks in blue calf, tooled in gold . . . It contained practically everything the heart could desire . . . pens and pencils and envelope cutter and little books for stamps and addresses and engagements and what-not . . . I came back to it again and again finding some new detail each time . . .

"May I be rude and ask you where that adorable little writing-desk came from," I said later to my hostess, remark-

ing on my charming blue room.

"By all means," she said, "it comes from the new novelty counter at Altman's . . . They have the loveliest things there . . . leather novelties of all sorts, some of them imported and some made right in this country, desk sets and gold-tooled boxes, and book ends . . . I've been telling all my friends about it . . . You should drop in there and visit the counter some time."

Naturally I went there as soon as I got back to town . . . and I must tell you about it . . . But first I must tell you of the latest tip in reducing the hip-line . . . It is done by a corset made of heavy rubber . . . something absolutely new and different . . . all rubber and nothing else save a bone in front and two in back for the lacings . . . The minute you put it on it makes you look more slender at once, and as you wear it the heat of the rubber simply melts the flesh away . . . Two of the women on the house-party were wearing this new reducing corset and comparing notes on how much they had lost . . . They both thought it "marvelous" . . . "unique" . . . and were congratulating themselves that at last the misery of a tendency to superfluous flesh had been conquered . . . They couldn't

raise their voices loud enough in praise of the woman who had invented this new corset . . . I saw one of them . . . the corsets I mean . . . and they were most attractive-looking . . . of a heavy stamped rubber in pink . . .

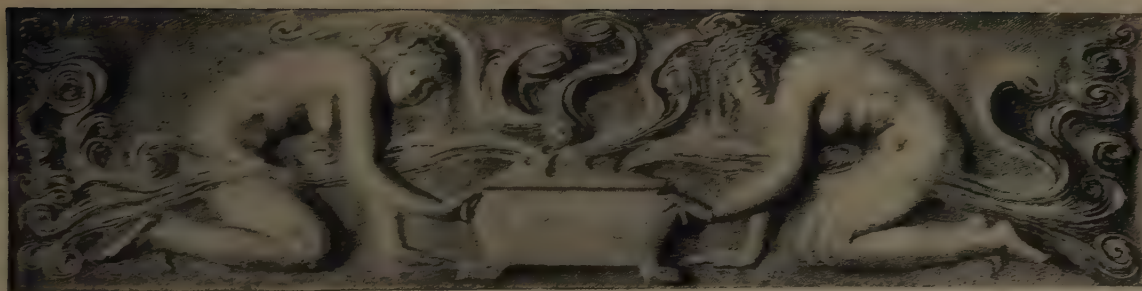
Of course, if you couldn't stand the corset all day you could wear it as long as you wanted . . . but these women were wearing theirs practically all day long . . .

One woman said her husband had been so admiring of the results in slenderness she had obtained that

he had gone and found something of a similar order for himself . . . a kind of rubber belt . . . and now he, too, was boasting about his youthful figure . . .

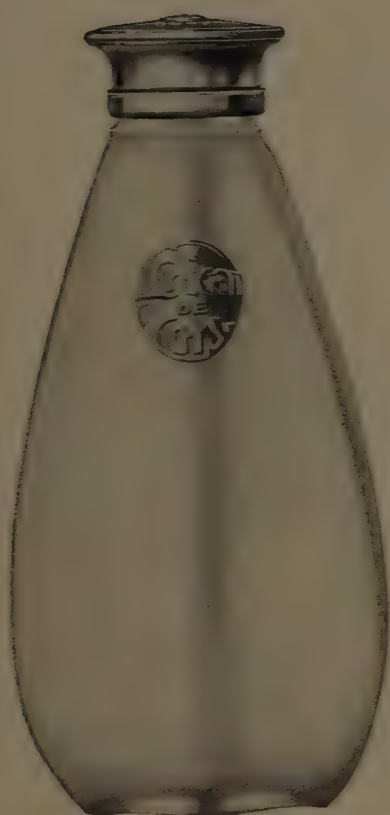
As to the novelty counter at Altman's . . . corking! I found another little blue-and-gold writing-desk, which I had despatched down into the country . . . I found the most delightful pigskin writing-case, under lock and key . . . quite right as a *bon voyage* present for a friend . . . And, perhaps best of all, I found some dark rich leather book-covers with borders tooled in gold, such as I had long been searching . . .

(For prices or any further information about any of the articles mentioned in "The Promenades," write Angelina, Care The THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



LE TALC DE COTY

Intensely scented with the incomparable COTY essence odors, COTY Talc Powder and COTY Toilette Water surround each woman with a radiant atmosphere of fragrant flowerlike daintiness in her own individual COTY perfume. With the slender, new Compact, they are luxurious necessities in the midst of summer warmth, imparting an ever-fresh radiance to beauty—



L'ORIGAN — PARIS — STYX
CYPRE — AMBRE ANTIQUE
ROSE JACQUEMINOT
JASMIN — EMERAUDE



Address "Dept. T. M. 7" for
"THE ART OF PERFUMING"
a novel, sweetly revealing type of woman
and their expressive garments—in request
COTY, INC.
714 Fifth Avenue New York
Canada — 55 M.G. College Ave. Montreal

EXQUISITELY EMPHASIZING THE CHARM OF LOVELY WOMEN



HELL BENT FER HEAVEN

(Continued from page 28)



Is your letter paper evidence for the prosecution?

WHEN a woman is compelled to acknowledge in court a letter which mars her case or reflects on her character, she wishes she had not written it. Mrs. Post, in her book "Etiquette", says: "Never write a letter to a man that you would be ashamed to see in a newspaper above your signature."

But it is not only what you say in a letter that may be evidence against you. You may write on paper that damages your social position, reflects on your good taste, and puts you in a class to which you do not belong. You cannot explain such things away. Your letters go to friends, acquaintances or strangers, and are read when you are not there, sometimes by people who do not know you. They judge you by the paper you have chosen to represent you. If it does not creditably represent you, who is to blame?

And so Mrs. Post's wise caution should be extended to include, "and never write on paper that is not in perfect good taste and correct in form."

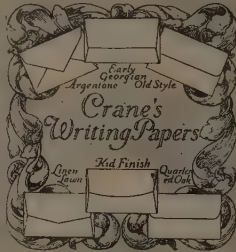
You ask, "How can I be sure of being right?" It is really very easy. Nearly every stationery department carries Crane's Writing Papers, the high quality of which is recognized everywhere, and Eaton's Highland Linen, in the correct shades, shapes, sizes and styles. For fifty cents I will send you my book on "Social Correspondence" and usable samples of Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen.

Caroline De Lancy

Address me in care of

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



barn. However, Sid sees that the guns have gone, so knows Rufe is lying—there is no time to be wasted—he must phone to the settlement to head off Matt and David . . .

SID: As I remember it the phone is in that tool house on a ledge right down under the dam. Is that right?

RUFE: You'd never git to that house now! You'd have to walk out to it on boards across that sluice of water . . . All you'll get out o' Andy is a passel o' lies about me. Natchelly, he'll say I egged him on . . .

SID (seizing him by the throat): By God! I believe that's jist what you did do . . . You was at the bottom of it . . . An' God damn you! (He hurls Rufe to the floor, and, as he rushes out, a blinding flash of lightning envelops him.)

RUFE . . . (cowering in fear, suddenly rises to his knees and clasps his hands in prayer): Did you hear what he said, God? I can put up 'ith his insults to me, but when it comes to blaspheming! Thy holy name it does look like it's time to call a halt! But You know what You're a-doin', Lord, an' I don't . . . In Your holy word, Lord, I know You commanded Your servants to slay all blasphemers . . . But I'd druther You'd do it yourself, Lord! . . . But I ain't no coward! If it don't suit You to do it Yourself—I'll do it fer You—I don't keef if they hang me! You died fer me once, an' I'm a-willin' to die fer You if You want me to! You can do with me what You please, Lord! If it's Your will that this blasphemer shall die, I've got a whole box o' dynamite out thar in the store, an' a time fuse long enough so's I can get back here afore it explodes! I can blow up the dam while he's under thar a-telephonin' an' the waters o' Your wrath'll sweep over him like they did over Pharaoh an' his hosts in olden times! (There is a blinding flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a terrific crash of thunder.) I hear You, Lord! An' like Joshua of old I go to do Your Will! (He rushes off.)

ACT III. The same scene. Later in the evening. Andy appears at the door and enters, followed by Matt and David, carrying their guns. All are soaking wet.

MATT: H'lo, Andy! H'm! Looks like they ain't nobody here! . . .

ANDY (tauntingly, in a spirit of bravado): Well, if he didn't come home I must ha' been a better shot'n I thought I was!

MATT: Yeh, an' now 'at that p'int's settled! . . . (He brings his gun to bear on Andy.)

But David seizes the barrel of the gun and thrusts it upward; there is a chance that Sid may have come back and gone out after them—they must wait and see before starting another row . . . Rufe enters and declares he has seen nothing of Sid.

RUFE: I certainly do hope, for everybody's sake, 'at nothin' serious ain't happened to Sid. (A loud explosion is heard in the distance.)

MATT: H'm! What was that?

RUFE: Must ha' been thunder. That's all it was! It couldn't ha' been nothin' else! . . . (Meg and Jude enter from the kitchen.) . . . It's come! It's come!

DAVID: What's come?

RUFE: The Day O' His Wrath—when the saints an' the sinners shall be parted right an' left! Brother, will you be able to stan' on that day? That's the question every man here's got to answer—an' every woman, too.

MEG: . . . But I would like to know what's happened to Sid. I don't feel that I can ever close my eyes in sleep er death tell I find out!

RUFE: It's too late! You cain't git to that patch o' woods now! The river's come up all around it! (Pointing.) Look!

MEG: Lord, is that what's a-makin' the noise? (Meg, Jude and David go out on the porch.)

RUFE: Yeh! It's sweepin' everything afore it!

ANDY: Sst! Rufe! Come here! Quick, take my knife—it's in my right hand pocket—an' cut these things! (Rufe doesn't reply.) Do you hear what I told you?

RUFE: Yeh, but I couldn't do that, Andy! They'd know I'd done it.

When the others come in again Rufe is nearly beside himself with fear that Andy will give him away, and persuades them to consign him to the cellar. Looking out, Rufe sees, to his joy, that the river is rising fast, and left alone with Jude, he plays upon her emotions in the best manner of a Revivalist preacher . . . Meg asks Jude to come and help her "round up the turkeys," leaving Rufe to watch over Andy . . . The river is now going down and Rufe changes his tactics.

RUFE (speaking through cellar doorway): . . . If you'll gimme your solemn word not to tell a livin' soul, mebbly I could help you now.

ANDY'S VOICE (from the cellar): Not by a damn sight. I'm a-goin' to Hell a-straddle o' your neck! (Rufe rushes to gun-rack, takes down the gun, and sees if it is loaded. Suddenly he remembers something, drops on his knees and begins to pray.)

RUFE: Oh Lord, Thy will be done, not mine! I won't kill him lessen You want me to. (Sid enters. He is hatless, his clothes torn and his face smeared with mud.) But You had the chance and now the river's a-goin' down! So mebbe You meant fer me to do this, too! I'll do anything You say, Lord! (Stretching up his hands as if he expected an answer.) If it's Your—

SID (in a deep voice): Mene, mene, tekél, upharsin!

Direct from Paris!

Bath Salts

in odours of

L'Heure Bleue

Rue de la Paix

Guerlain Sale

in the following odours

L'Heure Bleue

Rue de la Paix

Mitsouko

Guerlainade

PARK & THORP

NEW YORK — PARIS

DISTRIBUTORS IN AMERICA

ON SALE IN THE BETTER SHOPS



BATH SALTS
\$ 1.75



GUERLAIN
PARIS



The Nestle "LANOIL" Permanent Waving Process Improves the Hair

Many Investigations Have Proved the
New 1924 "LANOIL" Wave
a Beneficial Treatment

*"An Invaluable Comfort for the Summer
Months"*

THE amazing increase in Nestle "LANOIL" Waving in the past few months can be due to only one cause—women everywhere are recognizing this treatment for what it is—a beneficial, healthful way to acquire the convenience of naturally wavy hair.

Several thousand hairdressers in Conventions in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago this Spring, beauty editors of most of the good magazines, and unbiased scientific experts have all concurred in their finding that the Nestle "LANOIL" Permanent Wave is FIRST in comfort, in quickness, and in beauty of final results.

No paper tubes, no tying, no jerking, no pulling. No borax, pastes or pad. Very little heat. Not a chance of breakage, frizz or harshness. Just soft, pretty natural-looking wavy hair such as you've always wanted—and to stay with you ALWAYS.

Hundreds of hairdressers are using the famous Nestle "LANOIL" Process. Ask for it by name, or should you come to New York, do not fail to visit the greatest permanent waving establishment in the world, where you will also find experts in the latest styles of hair-bobbing and hairdressing.

Send for our interesting booklet which describes and illustrates Nestle "LANOIL" Waving. For an appointment, write, phone or call

NESTLE'S

Originators of ALL permanent waving

Established in 1905

12 and 14 East 49th Street

Just off Fifth Avenue

New York City

PHONES: Vanderbilt 7660-1-2-3-4

RUFÉ (not daring to look 'round): Is that you, Lord?

SID: I'm the ghost o' Sid Hunt!

RUFÉ (turns and sees Sid. He cannot escape through the door, so he shrinks against the rocking chair, still on his knees): Who are you lookin' fer? What are you doin' here? You don't need to be a-walkin'.

SID: Yes, I do. I've got to ha'n't somebody. You know I didn't die a natural death.

RUFÉ: All death is natural if you look at it right.

SID: An' all hantin' is natural, too, if you look at it right.

RUFÉ: No, it ain't! You'd better go back whar you come from.

SID: But I've got 'orders to find out who murdered me.

RUFÉ (shudders): Them orders may ha' come from below! You don't have to pay no 'tention to 'em!

SID: They come from above.

RUFÉ (hoping against hope that he is not the one): Well, who is it you got orders to ha'n't?

SID: You.

RUFÉ (recoils. Hysterically): I didn't do it! I swear I didn't!

Sid, in spite of Rufe's opposition, insists on going down to the cellar to get the truth from Andy. Rufe is panic-stricken; seizing his hand-bag he rushes for the door, then seeing the water below, he returns and flings himself on his knees in prayer, his head buried in the bed. David comes in, followed by Meg, Matt and Jude. Rufe rises, trembling from head to foot, and tells them that he has seen Sid's ghost . . . The cellar door

opens, and Andy and Sid appear; having "swopped experiences" they have come to the conclusion that it wasn't Andy's fault that he shot at Sid. The truth comes out, and as Andy advances menacingly towards Rufe he bolts to the cellar, locking the door on the inside; Andy offers Matt ten dollars to let him "yank it offen its hinges," but David reminds him there is another door, and pretends to search his pockets for the key, thus giving Rufe time to escape. David explains his conduct by saying that they "wanted Rufe to make tracks away from here an' he'll do it if you let him."

DAVID: Anyhow, I've saved a lot o' folks from a run-in with the Sheriff! . . . Matt, open up that bottle o' coneyack! . . .

MATT: He's right! You might end up by killin' a Sheriff!

SID (coming down to Jude): I expect that's so.

DAVID (to Meg): You see, you can do a lot o' good with religion if you use it right. Now, Meg, you run along an' git us some supper.

MATT: I'd like to see if these here French drinks can beat our own pop-skull! (He starts to open the bottle.)

ANDY (going toward Matt): That's what I'd like to know.

JUDE: I'll help you, Meg.

DAVID: You'd better go easy now, Andy!

SID (pulling Jude back): You stay here. You don't have to drink none of it.

Curtain



JAPANESE PLAYERS TO INVADE NEW YORK

(Continued from page 22)

in the development of a breed of men actors who take women's parts. In the old days they were expected to play the female rôle off the stage as well as on, though nowadays the Japanese Julian Eltinge usually dons masculine garb and manners when his part is done. The old-time "Oyama," as the male players of women's parts are called, were trained for their careers from earliest childhood, receiving the education of girls. So realistic are the performances of the female impersonators that Japanese theatregoers often pronounce them more fascinating on the stage than real women. It is a strange case of dualism.

Training for the Kabuki drama was, and still is, a course that began in early childhood. The student actor studies posture, dancing, fencing, etiquette, ceremonial tea-drinking, flower arrangement, spear combat, costuming, painting and Japanese history. Virtually apprenticed to some star, he becomes the great man's servant, utilizing every opportunity to observe the

master's technique. Beginning with a minor part, such as the legs of a property horse—in Japan only an actor is deemed worthy of this humblest of rôles—he works his way up to important parts, and, perhaps, to a place in the galaxy of stardom.

The rise of the feminist movement has, in late years, made serious inroads on the pre-eminence of the female impersonators. Especially since Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami visited Europe, it has become more usual for women to appear on the stage with men, especially in the "Occidental Drama," that is, translations of Occidental plays, or native vehicles, based on the rôles of European dramaturgy.

Oddly enough, the beginnings of the English and Japanese stages were contemporaneous. It was in 1575 that Okuni, a fugitive priestess of the Kizuki Temple in Izume, inaugurated the Kabuki Theatre with a performance in Kyote. In 1576, the "Earl of Leicester's servants" erected the first public theatre in Blackfriars. The times in both countries were dramatic

A Book That No Amateur Group Can Do Without



PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES

BY CLARENCE STRATTON

The fullest, most up-to-date and helpful book on play producing; over seventy pictures of stage settings and scenes from plays successfully produced by amateur groups.

Chapters From the Book

Interest in Dramatic Production	Creating the Stage Picture
Organizing an Amateur Group	Costumes and Make-up
Choosing the Play	Lighting
Some Specimen Programs	Experimenting
Rehearsing the Play	Educational Dramatics
Artistic Amateur Settings	Annotated List of Two Hundred Plays for Amateurs

What the Reviewers Say

Brander Matthews in New York Times: "A model manual, sane and sensible, helpful and practical . . . A word of praise must be given to the many illustrations . . . selected to adorn this book . . . Immediately helpful."

New York Literary Review: "The most important book for the small stage and one of the most practical additions to theatrical literature for some time past."

St. Louis Star: "The amateur producer is bound to appreciate these pages particularly."

Hartford Courant: "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this book as a practical and stimulating help."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Producing in Little Theatres" sells at \$2.90. You can get this invaluable book FREE with two yearly subscriptions—either two new, or an extension of your own subscription and one new subscription.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:
I enclose herewith \$8.00, for which please enter the following subscriptions and send me a copy of Clarence Stratton's book, "Producing in Little Theatres," FREE.

My Name.....
My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

The 1923 Bound Set THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 Volumes Bound in Green Silk Cloth
Fully Indexed



Price \$10.00

Postage Extra

The authoritative encyclopedia of the stage through twenty-three years of successful publication. During that period:

1839 Plays have been reviewed
1826 Scenes of plays reproduced
8074 Portraits of players shown
1599 Special articles published

Do you ever wish to recall more vividly a play you have seen years ago? Or revive memories of the artistes who appeared at that time? Are you ever curious to read the criticism of a certain play? Or to refer to the costuming of it? Turn to The Theatre Magazine!

There is practically no college, school, club or public library of any importance where a complete file of The Theatre cannot be found.

The Following Years Are Still To Be Had In Bound Sets:

1904 in 1 vol.....	\$25.00	1913 in 2 vols.....	\$15.00
1906 in 1 vol.....	20.00	1914 in 2 vols.....	15.00
1907 in 1 vol.....	20.00	1915 in 2 vols.....	15.00
1908 in 1 vol.....	20.00	1916 in 2 vols.....	15.00
1909 in 2 vols.....	20.00	1917 in 2 vols.....	14.00
1910 in 2 vols.....	20.00	1918 in 2 vols.....	12.00
1911 in 2 vols.....	15.00	1920 in 2 vols.....	12.00
1912 in 2 vols.....	15.00	1921 in 2 vols.....	12.00
		1922 in 2 vols.....	\$10.00

The years not listed are out of print

**PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW FOR
THE 1923 VOLUMES**

Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York

A Summer Suggestion

How to Make Your Loge Yield Greater Profit

AMERICAN Seating Company's specially designed loge theatre chairs, with adjustable, interlocking standards, are a practical solution of the loge seating problem.

This loge chair is a perfect theatre-seating unit giving maximum seating capacity and the utmost of seating comfort with real economy in cost. This cost is considerably less than the impractical and bulky overstuffed four-post commercial chairs frequently adopted without realizing the reduction in capacity their use entails, or their essential discomfort from the point of use as theatre chairs.

Also, in the commercial type of chair there is no mechanical provision for the incline of the back and seat to provide the proper angle of vision, so that support for the back is lost in leaning forward to secure the proper view.

American Seating Company interlocking loge theatre chairs save in capacity not only one or more entire rows in depth, but also increase seating capacity across the building approximately 15%.

The change to American Seating Company chairs can be made without a single day's interruption of business and will mean increased box office returns from the day you install them.

Wouldn't it, therefore, be a good plan to get in touch with us at once, giving us accurate information regarding your loge sections? Send architectural plans if you have them. We shall be glad to offer suggestions and estimates without obligation.

Illustrated literature also sent on request.

American Seating Company

NEW YORK
117 W. 40th Street
BOSTON
79-D Canal Street

CHICAGO
18 E. Jackson Blvd.
PHILADELPHIA
707-250 S. Broad Street

and the excitement of foreign adventure disposed the masses to novelty. Four years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Korea was invaded by the Armada of Hideyoshi. To complete the parallel, just as Greene and Marlowe were rebels against social discipline, so Chikamatsu, the so-called Shakespeare of Japan, was a ro-nin or "wave-man" owing allegiance to no feudal superior. "Rogues and Vagabonds" were the strolling players of the *Kabuki* drama.

ELECTIVE PRE-EMINENCE

UNDER the rigorous caste system that prevailed in the old days, actors were a class apart, regarded with a good deal of disfavor by the better classes of society. They had their own associations, and the question of pre-eminence was settled by ballot, the recipient of the greatest number of votes being known as "Danjuro," that is "Greatest Actor," and holding the title until his death.

About seventy years ago, a youth of good family whose acting and lineage had created a stir, was elected Danjuro. The ninth to hold the title, his services to the theatre were so great that today he is known as "The Great Danjuro," and "King of Actors." His versatility was unusual—he not only played all male and female parts, but was a clever sketcher and a capable writer. Being himself of genteel birth, he was able to win for his fellow artists the social recognition paid the stage in the West.

Though as thoroughly Japanese as his ancestors, the Great Danjuro was in touch with the European stage through his correspondence with Sir Henry Irving. And so great was the renown of this Japanese Irving that he was commanded to play for the Mikado at the Peers' Club in Tokio. After that august recognition of the re-created drama, the *Kabuki-za* was built in Tanhiji, and shortly after Danjuro's death, the Imperial Theatre, destroyed in the September earthquake, was completed.

The *Kabuki* drama was now firmly entrenched, and its representation of the life of classical Japan held unrivalled sway. With the European tour of Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami, Western notions found lodgment in the Japanese theatre. Translations of modern Western classics—Ibsen, Strindberg, Pinero—were presented.

It was no easy matter to make Japanese characters act like Occidentals, and how could a native Japanese audience, most of whom knew only their own city, be expected to accept such individuals as Nora in *The Doll's House* or Peer Gynt or Mr. Alving.

Compromise there had to be. Dramatists appeared to write hybrid dramas on Japanese themes. Like most such hybrids, the compromise drama was of slight worth.

The rise of the European stage in Japan has been largely due to the influence of Professor Tsubuchi of Waseda University, who gave the first courses on the drama in Japan.

Professor Tsubuchi's conscious aim has been to develop a modern national theatre that shall accurately reflect the soul of modern Japan. The classical *Kabuki* drama is out-of-date, while the difference between East and West is still so great that the philosophy of Europe cannot be transferred to the Japanese stage without danger. The effect on the Japanese soul of the morbid, modernist play is devastating. The influx of Russian refugees since the 1917 revolution has created a Russian vogue—Tolstoi, Tchekhov, Andreyev, have been often produced—and a series of suicides and domestic infelicities resulted. Young men have jumped into the lake, women have deserted their husbands under the influence of such plays. Young girls, hankering after a freedom they haven't understood, have run off with rickshaw men and then committed suicide. Recall, if you will, the effect of *The Doll's House* on European society and multiply that by infinity. There you will have some notion of what the modern drama is doing to the Japanese. And when Ibsen's *Ghosts* can produce a strong physical nausea in a Westerner, it is not to be wondered that after seeing Andreyev's *Seven That Were Hanged* a young Japanese, totally without spiritual anti-toxins against that sort of thing, and no longer in possession of the traditional stoicism of his fathers, should conclude that life is futile. For us, Hamlet's soliloquy is merely food for thought. For a Japanese it may be a compelling reason for self-destruction.

ALWAYS THE MOVIES!

THE older generation of Japanese and the wiser of the younger, therefore, seek a way out. Their problem is great, for Japan is still in transition. The public, blissfully ignorant of Western Way, meanwhile finds joy in the *Kabuki* drama and American movies. The intellectuals who support the modern drama are veritably uprooted.

Artistically, the Western Theatre as exemplified by the Japanese, leaves much to be desired. The plain fact is that the Japanese, much as they may pride themselves on their assimilation to and understanding of the Occident, do not grasp the fundamentals of Western thought and action. Their productions of Western plays are sadly deficient in understanding the situations involved, while native dramas, written on European lines, are usually a luridly melodramatic hash.

So New Yorkers are to be congratulated on the fact that the Japanese players who come to New York will appear in the classical drama of their traditional Japan. It will be a glimpse into a world of other dimensions, unreal, perhaps, at first, but yet with a pervasive sense of reality. The beauty, courage and devotion of the world of the Daimios will be seen; the magic fascination of the dream that began to dissolve with the opening of Japan to the West, will again exercise its potent sway.

LUYNA

PRONOUNCED LOU-WE-NA



Among
my noble patrons
known to Americans
are:

Princesse
de Faucigny-Lucinge
Princesse Troubetzkoy
Comtesse Jean de Lubersac
Comtesse de Vaucelles
Comtesse de Montaigne
Comtesse d'Hinnisdal

"For nearly a
Century"

The SPIRIT of LUYNA

EACH of the exquisite Parfums Luyna expresses the true spirit of the fashionable Parisienne, the delicate breath of a charming personality—individual—enchanted.....For example, Fleur Ardente, warm, scintillating and untamed, fairly breathes that sophisticated aura without which no woman is gloriously fascinating.

EXTRAITS • EAUX DE TOILETTE • POUDRES • SAVONS

American Representative: THOS. LEEMING & CO., New York

The Perfumes of Princesses

Three
Glorious
Bouquet Odors

Chanson d'Été
[Shan-son-day-tay]
Song of Summer

Fleur Ardente
[flur-are-daunt]
Passion Flower

Maya [my-ab]
Illusion (Hindu)

Seven Entrancing
Flower
Odors

THE SWEETMEATS OF KINGS

Delicious Assorted Wafers



By
appointment to George V.
and the Royal Households of Europe

Huntley & Palmers biscuits are jewels in the realm of bakery.

To taste these assorted biscuits is to marvel at the product of the world's master-chefs. Between crisp, golden wafers are ten flavors—layers bursting with indescribable goodness.

Really, the Sweetmeats of Kings; for each tiny morsel was prepared with the same exacting skill as the famous wedding cake made for H. R. H. the Duke of York, K. C., and his bride.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

World Famous BISCUITS

If high-grade grocers cannot supply you, send for
SPECIAL PACKAGE \$1.00 AS ILLUSTRATED
CHARGES PREPAID

Ridgways Tea Company

60 Warren Street

New York, N. Y.

WANTED — A LEADER IN OUR THEATRE

(Continued from page 9)

There never before in this country was such a widespread response to poetry, and even to tragedy, on the stage as there is right now. I can speak from my own experience in touring the United States and Canada in Shakespearean repertoire, in addition to the well-known response which has met the efforts of other actors in the same field.

So far as New York City is concerned, the audience for romance and the classics has probably quadrupled in the last couple of years. Some of Shakespeare's plays have enjoyed unprecedented runs during that time and the record of *Cyrano de Bergerac* this season speaks for itself. Thousands of persons have seen plays of these types for the first time, and have liked them. This public is likely to be eager to see other similar works, in fact is certain to—if the plays are properly staged and acted.

We perhaps do not know how large a public there really is for poetic and romantic drama because no systematic appeal has been made year in and year out to awaken and crystallize sentiment in this direction. In that respect our theatre has lacked leadership, and no movement of any consequence can hope for success without organization and a directing head. The individual productions which

have been made were only for momentary and special exploitation without any thought of building up an institution. Again take the case of Henry Irving. He was a leader who became an institution. During the twenty-nine years that he controlled the Lyceum Theatre in London he stood for a definite thing. To the English theatre-going public he incarnated an idea. That is why he became the great figure that he did, and left such an impression upon the dramatic life of his country.

Such leadership is needed here—more actors who stand for an idea or an ideal, and who will fight and plod for that idea or ideal until they become institutions. I am sure that a public response which will bring them success will be forthcoming. Any art, to be art, must be the result of individual effort, with, of course, intelligent and sympathetic co-operation. It cannot be incorporated or standardized. The great and enduring successes on the stage in this and all other countries have had upon them the stamp of a pronounced individuality—Booth here, Irving in London, Stanislavsky in Moscow, Reinhardt in Berlin. Such leadership does away with the haphazard and accidental—it crystallizes ideas and makes dreams come true.



THE MILLION DOLLAR HIT

(Continued from page 19)

knew that a play which was as fundamental as *Abie*, which could make people laugh at their own faults—their own small prejudices, and which more or less put over the suggestion to banish bigotry from human hearts—was bound to make a go of it.

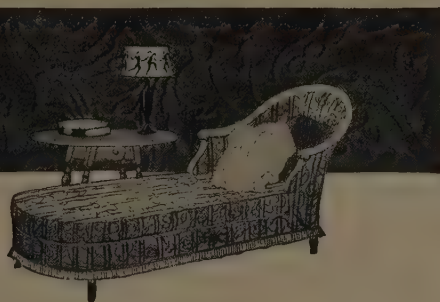
So, in the beginning, when *Abie* wasn't doing so well in New York, friends of mine who were playing stock in Washington asked me to let them have it. I did, against the advice of those who believed that this would ruin its New York run. It ran for fifteen weeks to capacity in Washington, and then we opened in Baltimore. It stayed there for twelve weeks. We took it to Pittsburgh, where it stayed seven months. Then it was booked on the road into Cleveland, where it has played for seven months. We had a company in Montreal for ten weeks, and this is our fourteenth week in Toronto. We played ten weeks in Atlantic City, twelve weeks in Columbus, and there are five companies now on the road.

We have played small towns like Erie, Pennsylvania, for three weeks. In a town of four thousand we have played to five thousand people, so

that proves conclusively that people "repeat"—see the show more than once.

With the establishment of road companies came numerous trials and tribulations for me. Managers tried to force "fliv" houses upon me. Sometimes we couldn't get suitable houses at all; there was trouble with contracts, booking agencies. I became involved in suits to collect large sums of money due me. There was difficulty in getting the right actors for the road companies. Many of the actors we tried out over-played the parts, particularly that of Solomon, the old father.

I haven't the slightest idea of how long *Abie's Irish Rose* will continue to run in New York and on the road. Suffice it to say that all offers to do any business with motion pictures for at least three years have been refused. *Abie* is a folk play—like *Way Down East*, for instance. It has the love element, the comedy, and it tells facts, but tells them with a smile. And for all these reasons *Abie* continues to survive even though adverse criticism tried to make short shrift of what now is known as "the million dollar play."



The Favorite Nook — Every woman will welcome a way of freshening those rooms, favored by the family.

It is astonishing how Peerless Fabrics impart new style and distinction to the finest room.



OTTO JAEGER & SONS, INC., 25 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, Wholesale Distributors
32 So. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO 770 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Four
New
Models
In

Exclusive Footwear

CUSTOM-MADE READY-TO-WEAR
IN ALL COLOR COMBINATIONS

Rossiter Shoes Inc.
515 Madison Avenue
At 53rd Street.

The Mystery of Flowers

Mystikum

PARFUM

MYSTIKUM - Europe's Premier Perfume
in Extract, Toilet Water, Sachet, Face Powder,
Rouge, Hair Tonic, Tale, Soap and Bath Salts
AT THE BETTER STORES
SCHERK IMPORTING CO. 47 West 47th St. New York City

MING

A Chinese Candy—
Made with 10 Imperial Fruits

A luscious, mysterious confection worthy to share honors with the fascinating game of Mah Jong.

Oriental in inspiration with a delicate, baffling flavor, MING promises to achieve tremendous popularity on its own merits as well as the only fitting accompaniment for the great Chinese pastime.

The taste? Indefinable. A suggestion of rich, far away fruits, combined in creamy perfection. Elusive—intriguing—a triumph!

The first piece makes you want another—the second piece convinces you that MING is a glorious discovery—with the third piece you are a confirmed enthusiast.

The perfect prize or favor for Mah Jong parties.

The distinctive gift for those who like smart novelties.

A treat for anyone!

\$1.75 the box
Packed in pound boxes only

In three color combinations—orange and black, Chinese blue and black, or black and lacquer red.

Mail coupon to-day.
Candy will be shipped at once

MING CANDY COMPANY, New York City.
154 East 39th Street, New York City.

Please send me the following order of MING—
.....boxes—orange and black.boxes—red and black.
.....boxes—blue and black. (Price \$1.75 the box)

Remittance enclosed for \$.....
(If you prefer C. O. D. payment check here.....)

Name..... Address.....

On the Stage of World Affairs

OUR WORLD

The Magazine of Understanding
Occupies a Commanding Position

Every issue of this unusually interesting and beautifully illustrated magazine is devoted to "Bringing the World to America."

Every issue lays before its readers a complete picture of the things that are happening around the world that should be, and are, of intense interest to every thinking American.

OUR WORLD INSTITUTE

Every subscriber to OUR WORLD is eligible for membership, without additional cost, in Our World Institute—an Educational and Publishing Society which, through correspondence, through publications, through syndicate press service, through "Know-the-World Clubs," and through radio, is spreading throughout the United States more comprehensive knowledge of the peoples of the world.

By mailing the attached coupon promptly you may become acquainted with OUR WORLD and the service of Our World Institute at our risk.

OUR WORLD, 9 East 37th Street, New York City.

T-7-24

You may send me the next two issues of OUR WORLD. If I do not say "discontinue" within 30 days, you may enter my subscription for one year, and bill me for \$3.00.

Peninsula House

SEA, BRIGHT, N. J.

Directly on Boardwalk

Nearest ocean resort to New York City.

Offers superior accommodations to selected clientele: Music and Dancing; Golf and all water sports; Illustrated booklet upon request.

Fred J. Fuller, Manager

LOOKING BACK AT THE PRINCESS SHOWS

(Continued from page 10)

inspired flow of Molière; he hasn't to my knowledge ever written anything so precise as

Although the compliment implied inflates me with legitimate pride It nevertheless can't be denied That it has its inconvenient side.

It is virtually impossible to express that sentiment in any other words; there is no straining for the rhyme, no change in the position of a word to make it fit the music. That is the everlasting difference between W. S. Gilbert and everybody else. But Wodehouse is not, at bottom, a professional lyricist and he may well be happy to have written this, about Cleopatra:

And when she tired, as girls will do,
Of Bill or Jack or Jim,
The time had come, his friends all knew,

To say good-bye to him.
She couldn't stand by any means
Reproachful stormy farewell scenes;
To such coarse stuff she would not stoop,
So she just put poison in his soup.

When out with Cleopatterer
Men always made their wills,
They knew they had no time to waste
When the gumbo had that funny taste.
They'd take her hand and squeeze it,
And murmur, "Oh, you Kid!"
But you bet they never started to feed
Till Cleopatterer did.

This has an inventive and almost fantastic mind behind it. In other places still other qualities arrive: a gentle satire in *When It's Nesting Time in Flatbush*, a delicacy of sentiment in *The Siren Song* and *The Sun Shines Brighter*, and exaggeration of sentiment in *Before I Met You*. Nothing in the equipment of the librettist is missing in him, and he so skilfully avoids banality in rhyme and in thought as to make him a godsend.

MUSIC WHICH SURVIVES

I SHOULD be grateful at once to Mr. Kern for writing music which allowed the words to appear. It isn't easy, for the required accent in the lyric and the required accent in the music may not coincide. But Kern's merits are far beyond this secondary quality. In the Princess shows he wrote music which, after an interval of years, with American music developing and changing every month, is still cherished, can still be sung with pleasure. Obviously one reason is that the music has musical interest. Kern does not exaggerate when he says that he has "specialized in the application of modern harmony to the lighter forms of music." He is a trained musician and his work shows it. For it is a fact which the observers of Tin Pan Alley will eventually learn, for good or ill, that the music which has the best chance to survive is the music which has

interest as music, quite apart from its momentary popular appeal. The *Banana* song is a compost of banalities and will be forgotten; *The Siren Song* is original, it is fresh and tidy, and although it may be eclipsed in memory, it can stand revival. When Mme. Eva Gautier sang it in one of her regular concerts it held its own bravely, while *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, an admirable song for its time, showed its age. Kern is not always happy in his use of folk-song as basic material; sometimes he seems to be lazy in his re-working, sometimes the use of the original offends a little. But this is the only reservation. He is the most skilful of all the composers in delicate changes of rhythm: see *The Blue Danube Blues*, a later composition, and note how there is never not for a moment, any monotony of beat. He has a delicate melodic sense; and he has humor in his music. As you sit in the theatre listening to his scores you do not worry about harmony—not even about tunes. You gain immediate satisfaction of the ear and you gain additional pleasure from the unconscious feeling that you are not hearing the re-vamping of the work of another man, or even of the same man. For Kern has gone on for years, always acquiring fresh tricks, always adding something new to his equipment and to our enjoyment; and his deft hand remains, his tidiness, his assurance.

MILTON AND ROYLE

THE elements were put together in a new way. Robert Milton had no notions of realism in musical shows; but he felt that the ancient settings were tiresome, and that something fresh could be used. He went a little to extremes in cluttering up the stage with furniture; on one occasion he protested, "Now he (Royle) has got them dancing on my furniture." This was a long time ago. Today—if Mr. Milton can tear himself away from his serious productions—he will see that "they" hardly dance anywhere else. But there was more than furniture in Mr. Milton's direction: there was a kind of frivolity, a light touch—precisely what we had been waiting for in musical shows. And he, or Mr. Comstock, or the authors, or all together, decided to have a lot of fresh material in the casts. Partly this was due to the fact that the little Princess theatre couldn't pay for lavish productions, couldn't get in enough at the box-office to pay immense salaries. Many of those whom they used, came from vaudeville or the legitimate stage; many left the stage after a few years to get married—the rate of mortality (via marriage) being very high in the Princess shows, probably on account of the attractiveness of the general setting.

The idea was good, because musical comedy production, with certain

Paris

MORNY

London

A wholly dainty toilette may be effected by means of MORNY Fine Toilet Products, fragrant with

Parfum "Chaminade"⁷⁷

The Morny chef-d'œuvre, used in seven Royal Courts

PERFUME

(with and without Alcohol.)

A subtle alluring and persistent fragrance.

BATH SALTS

The original water softener.

BATH SALTS TABLETS

12, 24 or 36 tablets

in box for travelling.

BATH DUSTING POWDER

An essential to personal daintiness

COMPLEXION POWDER

*imparts freshness and
a delicate bloom.*

CRÈME de JOUR

*A vanishing cream—unrivalled
as a foundation before using
powder.*

EAU de TOILETTE

*The most exquisitely fragrant
& refreshing of all toilet waters.*

SACHET POWDER

*In bottles; for perfuming
delicate fabrics.*

TALCUM POWDER

Soothing to chafed or tender skins.

TOILET SOAP

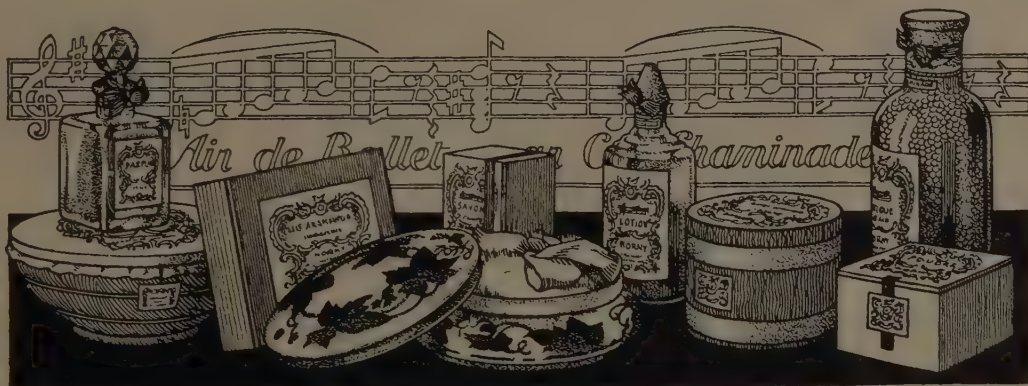
*An unusually fine skin soap,
unusually perfumed.*

BATH SOAP de LUXE

*Mammoth and guest-room size
tablets also issued in wood bowls.*

The name Morny symbolises the perfection of good taste in perfumery

MORNY PERFUMES & FINE TOILET PRODUCTS
are retailed by all dealers in high class perfumery



This advertisement issued by Morny Frères, Ltd., 201 Regent Street, London, England

REVULO

Stock available in U. S. A. for distribution to the trade:—

Maurice Lévy, 120 West 41st Street, New York City
S. S. Pierce Co., corner Tremont & Beacon Streets, Boston

The NEW MONTEREY

NORTH ASBURY PARK, N. J.

Directly on the Ocean

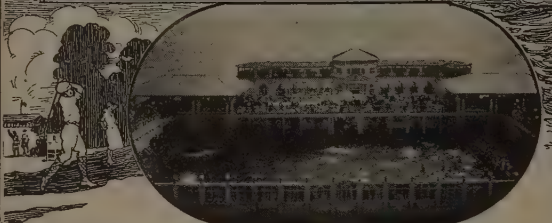
The Resort Hotel Pre-Eminent

American Plan

Capacity 500

Opens June 28th

New Jersey's Most Beautiful a la Carte Grill-Room



HOT AND COLD SEA WATER IN ALL ROOMS

Golf That Makes You Play Your Best
Interesting Social Life. Daily Concerts and Dancing
New Swimming Pool Adjoining Fine Ocean Bathing

SHERMAN DENNIS, Manager

NEW YORK OFFICE, 383 Madison Ave. Telephone Van. 4990

McDonnell & Co.,—Members New York Stock Exchange

On "The New Jersey Tour, A Road of Never-Ending Delight"

Winter Resort—THE MASON—St. Petersburg, Fla.



B. Clement's Transformations

No permanent wave or coiffure will improve your appearance as much as a B. Clement Transformation which is always a delight and revelation to the wearer. Easy to adapt, with a smooth perpetual wave. Absolutely undetectable. Remember the coiffure is more important than the gown.

Booklet on request

B. Clement

French Hair Shop
67 W. 49th St.,
New York City

Newest Luncheon and Dinner Rendezvous

PIPING ROCK RESTAURANT

18 East 55th Street

Management of Peter, formerly
Knickerbocker and Crillon,
and C. Pani, formerly
Colony Restaurant

Plaza 3551

Phone

brilliant exceptions, was in a rut, and the infusion of people who were too ignorant or too awkward to do the tricks right, resulted in new tricks, in fresh lines of action, in novelty all around. I do not mean that everything was new; but the tone was new and the old stuff fitted into the new setting with advantage. Among those present, recruited from all sources, were Tom Powers, recently seen in *Tarnish* and Margaret Dale, who had been playing with John Drew. Carl Hyson and Dorothy Dickson were taken out of a Chicago cabaret and started on their career in *Oh Boy!* which also had to its credit the combined and simultaneous presences of Justine Johnstone and Marion Davies (in the flesh, not a moving picture). In *Oh Lady! Lady!* the piece revolved around three pairs, to wit, Vivienne Segal and Carl Randall, Carroll MacComas and Harry C. Browne, and Edward Abeles and Florence Shirley. It had also Harry Fisher, one time partner of the good George Monroe, and Reginald Mason. And at the very top of the cast (as printed) but without a song to her part, was Constance Binney. I have mentioned most of the others; but one must not forget Ann Wheaton. There is little indeed we can afford to forget about these productions.

High spirits was the cue to their

doings, and I am told by those closest to the Princess shows that the casts relished the work, and went into it with joy. Of course, no one cares—or should care—whether the actors enjoy their work. In the present case they projected their enjoyment across the footlights. Some of the shows were more successful than others. *Leave it to Jane*, in my opinion the highest point reached, for the musical score and the lyrics and the high comedy, left New York fairly cold, but succeeded elsewhere. Their success really came after they ceased to exist, not only in the imitators, not only in the developments out of them, but in the affectionate memories of those who heard them. They had an influence. The Globe shows, as I have said, were Princess shows enlarged and with added stunts—they had comedians and dancers outside the text, where those of the Princess were set into the text like jewels in a bracelet. *Tangerine* and *Sweet Little Devil* are progeny of the Princess. The Princess showed that intelligence was not out of place in a musical show, that it was not ruinous financially to be witty and fresh. It is with something passing gratitude that lovers of the type look back upon the old ones, and with high hopes forward to the new ventures of the same hands.



MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(Continued from page 24)

worried about the other children, but I am about Chrystal. She is so sensitive. She will suffer from life." But she has borne it rather well. Suffered no doubt, but she has turned a serene face upon the world. She has had one or two stage conflicts that accumulated foes for her. One of them, a usually urbane author, denominated her "The great human icicle." Yes, she heard of it. Don't

we hear most of the stinging things that are said about us? Maybe that was a reason why, having played the well-bred leisured heroines of *The Witching Hour* and *The Acquittal*, she turns about and plays a negro washwoman, a fervid creature whose name was the title of the play, "Roseanne." Thus did Miss Herne get even with the author critic and with others who have missed human warmth from her work



STAGE EFFECTS AND HOW TO GET THEM

(Continued from page 12)

JOHN: It's too hot for my fur coat.
MARY: Well, is that snow!
Sprinkle corn flakes from top of wings—enter someone rubbing hands—he has previously taken heavy drag on cigarette, retaining smoke in mouth. As door opens he lets out smoke, which gives wonderful effect.

MARY: B-I-T-I. Shut that door, Ezekiel.

One of the most realistic effects obtainable is that of a fall, which is always pleasing to an audience.

A fall—Cue line as follows:

MARY: Is that father out there on those slippery steps? (Now drop a large soap box full of broken glass.)

MARY: Good God, father has fell!

These are merely a few suggestions. There are many more lovely effects that can be secured with very little trouble. If you will write us for our book, *What Every Boy Under the Age of Sixteen Can Make Out of Discarded Toothbrushes on a Rainy Afternoon*, we will be very glad to send same.

STANLEY E. RAUH.

The Catskills

The Land of Legend and Romance—
The Joy of Trampers, Golfers and Fishermen

REXMERE CLUB HOTEL

IN CONNECTION WITH

CHURCHILL MALL STAMFORD, N.Y.

TWO HOTELS WITH A SELECTED CLIENTELE
BOOKLET WITH PICTURES SENT FREE

H.H. MASE, MANAGING DIRECTOR

NOV. 15 TO APRIL 15 GRALYNN HOTEL
MIAMI FLORIDA.



HISTORY of the THEATRE IN AMERICA

From Its Beginnings to the
Present Time

By ARTHUR HORNBLow
For Twenty-three Years Editor of
THEATRE MAGAZINE

190 ILLUSTRATIONS

Photogravure Frontispiece and 188 Double-tone illustrations from rare engravings, play-bills, and photographs, many lent especially from private collections for reproduction in this work.

TWO OCTAVO VOLUMES Over 700 Pages

Printed in Caslon Type on handsome paper and bound in library style, gilt back, gilt top, uncut edges.

TWO REVIEWS

Dr. Frank Crane says:

"Arthur Hornblow has done a most valuable piece of work. He tells a fascinating story of the development of the drama in the larger cities of the country, the slow overcoming of prejudice and the rise of the players from a position of little better than social outcasts to distinction and honor. A sincere and careful history."

Denver Times says:

"To attempt to write a history of the American stage or its players is a stupendous task. Mr. Hornblow's history is a splendid, comprehensive work, an achievement of refreshing conviction, singularly free from ambiguity. And, best of all, it has interest, the great essential. A delightful feature of these two handsome volumes is its direct condensation and value for purposes of reference. Holding it as an index the reader finds himself headed toward a hundred ramifications the existence of which he may never have heard before. As a chronicle of our stage Mr. Hornblow's history stands unique."

**This Complete Work Now
Sells For \$10.00 a Set**

**How You Can Get a Set
For \$6.00**

By special arrangement with the publishers, for a limited time only, we offer "A History of the Theatre in America" to new subscribers for \$6.00, providing a year's subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE is ordered at the same time.

Grasp This Opportunity Today

Send us your check for \$10.00—that is—\$4.00 for a year's subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE—plus \$6.00, and "A History of the Theatre in America" will be sent you prepaid.

THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 West 45th Street, New York

Theatre Mag., 2 West 45th St., New York:

Enclosed find \$10.00 (check or money order) for which please send me a year's subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with..... issue, and the set of "A History of the Theatre in America."

Name

Address

The Man Who Plays a Bark

Introducing an Invisible Dog in "Fata Morgana"

By JEAN VERNON

UPON the ferocious bark of a dog the plot of *Fata Morgana* hinges.

For if an unseen vicious Cæsar, whom the theatregoer judges to be a canine of huge proportions, hadn't renewed his baying just as the son of the house was about to leave to bring chaperonage to the Lady, or to transport her to the ball where chaperonage abounded, she wouldn't have cried aloud for him to stay and not leave her to the tender mercies of an inhospitable beast. Since the Lady implored him, the youth remains.

Therein lies a plot, skilfully worked out and admirably acted.

The part of the dog is played—or barked—by genial Bill Moon. Chief Property Man is his imposing title. For twenty-five years he has worked backstage in one capacity or another.

The business of barking is not new to him, he told me when I talked with him in one of his rare leisure moments before the rise of the curtain. I sat at the lustrous old mahogany table in the center of the Hungarian living-room scene on the stage of the Garrick Theatre.

Near by he sat, talking in English, with gestures and with his expressive hat. This soft brown hat shades the sky-blue eyes that distinguish Bill's physiognomy. In calm moments the hat rests somewhere towards the top of his head. Elation or animation is denoted when it is pushed well backward until it threatens to drop at his heels. When reminiscence is sad or the joke's on him (but still a joke to him) it covers the tip of his nose.

When Bill started to speak it was perched jauntily atop his head.

"Tisn't as if I were new at barking," he began in a tone to match, "for I was Michael when Laurette Taylor starred in *Peg O' My Heart* at the Cort Theatre ten years ago.

"The real dog she carried on the stage was a temperamental little fellow who wouldn't bark at the proper moments. So I did—backstage.

"We grew to like each other, Mike

and I. Knew each other's language and got chummy. After a time, he'd bark when I did—chime in. But he couldn't be depended upon always.

"I've been twenty-five years in the stage business," he continued, tilting the hat at a cheerful angle. "Why, I

was behind the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House four years, and nine years each at both the John Cort Theatre and the Academy of Music. Before that I was West with a circus and scout show—Custer's Last Fight, y'know, and depictin' the battle of the Little Big Horn."

The jovial face lit up with the fervor of true showmanship.

"That's where I learned to imitate dogs... out West, listening to the coyotes howl."

Before that?... 'Twas rather a doleful beginning, Bill Moon told me... carving tombstones in Greenwood Cemetery.

That being too solemn an occupation for a restless young man blessed with the wanderlust, Bill took to the stage, as he expresses it, and has continued ever since.

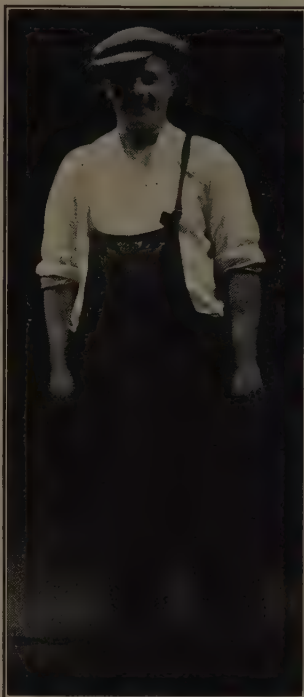
"Better be getting along," he reminded himself. "Lots to do. I must get the whip... yes, I crack the whip and make the birds sing. Did you ever see our bird?"

The bird proved to be a tiny crimson-feathered one perched permanently within a gilded cage. As intricate clockwork machinery produces a series of realistic chirps the little head turns from side to side. It was a most ingenious contrivance, and figured, also, with the realistic Moon bark in the atmosphere of *Fata Morgana*.

"Here at the Garrick our watchman tells us he can hear a dog barking inside the theatre. He looks for it, too, but never finds it.

"Once in a while someone brings the dog a bone or some scraps of meat. Just by way of breaking the news gently I say that this dog prefers chicken sandwiches.

"You might say," he concluded, "that it was a dog's life. But that wouldn't be correct!"



BILL MOON

*Richelieu
Pearls*
Distinctively
Different



At the Better Shops

RICHELIEU PEARLS are Distinctively Different, comparable to the genuine only. Perfectly reproducing Pearls from Ceylon, The Red Sea, Persian Gulf, South Sea and Bahama, that cost from \$250. to \$500.000 a strand.

RICHELIEU PEARLS can be purchased from \$5.00 to \$300.

Produced in seven qualities: XXX, A, B, C, PO, M₂—and XL, a new achievement of our research staff, lighter in weight and solid right through.

To purchase well is to consider, not only the make but the maker of an article.

RICHELIEU PEARLS are endorsed by stores who know.

The buying public is urged to demand the RICHELIEU Guarantee—it protects your investment.



PEARLOID on Amber Jewel Case No. 103 serves a Permanent Use, and makes an attractive Presentation Case.

Manufactured in America by the J. H. M. B. Laboratories Brooklyn, N.Y.



Crème Simon

the most widely used crème in France

The creamy, unblemished complexion for which the Parisienne is famous is largely due to Crème Simon. It gives the skin a wonderful translucent beauty—youthful and alluring—that cannot be secured in any other way. And it holds the powder as nothing else will. Anyone who knows the fashionable world of Paris will tell you of the wonders of Crème Simon. Three sizes—60c to \$1.65.

Also Poudre Simon—an adherent face powder that is just as good as the Crème.

FREE sample tube if you mail this coupon to Maurice Lévy, 120 W. 41st St., New York City

Name _____

Address _____



The FLANDERS

OCEAN CITY, N. J.

AMERICAN PLAN

A new fireproof structure of 232 rooms, each with lavatory, toilet and bath facilities. Thoroughly modern, beautifully appointed, and has an ideal location directly on the Boardwalk at Eleventh Street. All outside rooms. Solariums. Open porches overlook ocean and pool. Sunken Garden where refreshments will be served from The Flanders' Fountain. Fine open-air pool and bath department with lockers. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming, yachting, fishing and other outdoor sports.

J. HOWARD SLOCUM, President-Manager
For seven years Manager "The Greenbrier," White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia



SEVERAL months ago we wrote about an unusually interesting preparation, discovered in war-time France by a young American aviator, to which Blythe Daly of *Spring Cleaning* introduced us. Perhaps you remember?

At first the preparation was not obtainable at all over here. Then those war-working women who had used it on the other side and whose supply, brought to this, had run out, got together and made a strong plea to a certain manufacturer that he acquire the right to manufacture the preparation in this country. 'Twas done . . . it went like hot cakes, ourself being one of its eager devourers. And just as we had decided that it was the preparation in life that we absolutely could not do without, *voilà* . . . the supply, put out on a small scale as a trial, was exhausted. After due period of grieving the matter was crowded from our mind by other events.

Now comes along Catherine Calvert on the 'phone a week or two back, and asks if we'd like to motor into the country after hours for dinner. The invitation was accepted with alacrity. Not only is the beautiful Calvert—who since returning from Europe has gone back to her first medium, the pictures—one of our very special admirations, as everyone is well aware, but she had added to her invitation the ingratiating statement that "there are two quite nice young men coming along." Prompt to the hour she appeared in her smart motor looking a dream as usual, this time a dream in grey, the details of which costume we should go into were this a fashion instead of a beauty column. Some other time, some other place . . . We wish to get on with our story . . .

We drove out The Boston Post Road . . . The afternoon was warm and with many motors abroad. So that when we stopped at the hotel where we were to have dinner Miss Calvert suggested we go to the dressing-room and make ourselves look snappy with the aid of real honest-to-goodness mirrors instead of just making up from our vanity cases. And in this manner did an old love re-enter our lives!

For Miss Calvert commenced the process of freshening herself up by taking from a fetching grey bag an equally fetching bottle, rectangular in shape, hardly larger than the size of one's palm, and not much thicker through. It contained a heliotrope-colored liquid of an exquisite shade, which gave off, when Miss Calvert removed the stopper, a strong but delicious perfume. For a moment we thought we were to be treated to a little ante-dinner *liqueur*, but better than that . . . In a second we had recognized our lost love . . .

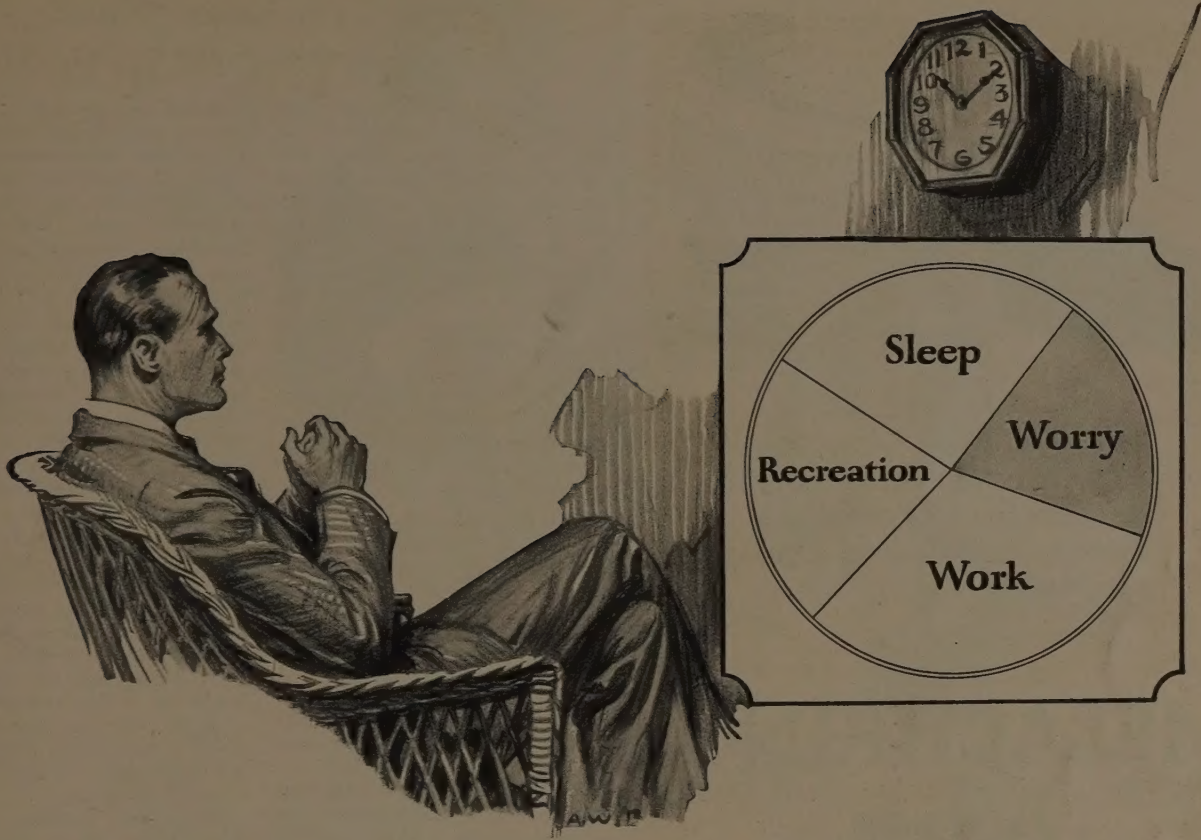
"Oh, were did you get that?" we cried excitedly.

Miss Calvert told us . . . So it was back on the market again. Bra-vo! Had Miss Calvert used the preparation before? No, she'd learned about it only three weeks ago, but she was already quite mad about it and took it everywhere with her. Wasn't it wonderful stuff!

We more than agreed, and we begged the loan of a drop of the precious fluid until we could get to a toilet counter on the morrow . . . With a bit of antiseptic cotton moistened in the preparation we both went over our faces carefully . . . You should have seen the difference afterwards. Every trace of the ride, every particle of dust, and all the shine had been taken away . . . Our skins were as soft and smooth and clean as they could be . . .

The day after the motor ride we repaired to the shop where Miss Calvert had told us the preparation was to be obtained once more, and purchased for ourself two of the chic and handy flat bottles containing the heliotrope

(Continued on page 64)



How much of *your* day is worry?

EVERY DAY has twenty-four hours. The richest man has no more time, the poorest has no less. And all men must divide their days into three main divisions—Work, Recreation, Sleep.

But there is a *fourth* division. In proportion as you get rid of it, you add to your income, your standing and your peace of mind. In proportion as you give way to it, you find it spreading like a cancer over the three main divisions of your time.

Its name is Worry.

Effective work cannot be done by men whose minds are wandering in futile concern about their bills, their business positions, their futures. No man can benefit from his round of golf or his evening at home with a book if he is really far away—fearing a pressing creditor, or tomorrow's work.

And if worry follows you to bed

at night—then, indeed, you have little chance for happiness or even physical health.

There is a way out. There is an outside influence ready to help you reduce the hours or minutes that worry steals away from you. There is an outside influence that has made the lives of 200,000 other men happier as well as more prosperous.

Its name is the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

You have read about it as a training for ambitious men. Think of it now in another way—think of it as an agency that will banish the needless worry out of your days.

If it is more income you need—the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped *every* conscientious subscriber to earn more money. Many have doubled and tripled their salaries in one year. If you need a better, more dignified,

more permanent position—trust the business judgment of the 27,000 Presidents who have enrolled.

Here is a curious fact to which 200,000 Institute men can testify. The very moment you tear off the coupon at the foot of this page, you will feel the satisfaction that comes from having taken a step forward—a step that may be a decisive one in your life.

Tear it off now, and hold it in your hand for a moment. Say to yourself:

"If I mail this coupon, *something* is going to happen; an outside influence is going to work in my behalf. I am going to find out whether it can do for me what it has done for so many others. *I am going to mail this coupon today*—and receive the Definite Plan of Business Progress which it promises.

Do that one thing *now*.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

977 Astor Place

New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.



Name..... Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Building, Toronto
Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney

WHEN THE WORM TURNS

(Continued from page 20)

14, 1825, drove the celebrated English tragedian Edmund Kean forever from the American stage. Kean's first visit to America in 1821 had been one long succession of triumphs. His acting was the all-engrossing topic and he became the lion of the day. Toward the close of his first tour, however, he gave offence in Boston by refusing to appear one night because the audience was small. He declared he would not play to bare walls and, notwithstanding the managers' protests, left the theatre. Re-entment at this boorish behavior was general. In one of the Boston papers appeared the following:

Run away—a stage player calling himself Kean. He may be easily recognized by his misshapen trunk, his comical, cockney manners, and his bladder actions. His face is as white as his own froth and his eyes are as dark as indigo. All persons are cautioned against harboring the aforesaid vagrant, as the undersigned pays no more debts of his contracting after this date. As he violated his pledged faith to me, I deem it my duty thus to put my neighbors on their guard against him.

PETER PUBLIC.

Kean returned to England on June 8 of that year, but, when he came again for a second American tour four years later, feeling still ran high. Informed of the *cabale* then being organized against him, the tragedian tried to ward off the threatened storm by appealing to the public. Here is the statement he issued soon after landing:

With oppressed feelings, heart-rending to my friends and triumphant to my enemies, I make an appeal to that country famed for hospitality to the stranger and mercy to the conquered. Allow me to say, whatever are my offences I disclaim all intention of offering anything in shape of disrespect towards the inhabitants of New York. They received me from the first with an enthusiasm, grateful in those hours to my pride, in the present to my memory. I cannot recall to my mind any act or thought that did not prompt to an unfeigned acknowledgment of their favors as a public, and profound admiration of the private worth of those circles in which I have the honor of moving.

That I have committed an error appears too evident from the all-decisive voice of the public, but surely it is but justice to the delinquent (whatever may be his enormities) to be allowed to make reparation where the offences were committed. My misunderstanding took place at Boston; to Boston I shall assuredly go to apologize for my indiscretions.

I visit this country now under different feelings and auspices than on a former occasion; then I was the ambitious man, and the proud representative of Shakespeare's heroes. The spark of ambition is extinct and I now merely ask a shelter in which to close my professional and mortal career. I give the weapons into the hands of my enemies; if they are brave they will not turn them against the defenceless.

EDMUND KEAN.

But this abject apology availed the actor nothing. The New Yorkers made Boston's quarrel their own. Kean's downfall was determined upon. Since his last visit the English

tragedian had lost prestige even in England where he had been mixed up in all kinds of unsavory scandals, notably a disgraceful liaison with Mrs. Alderman Cox. On several occasions London audiences had hissed him. He made his reappearance at the Park Theatre, New York, November 14, 1825, as Richard III, and disturbances began as soon as he came in view on the stage. He was assailed by such a powerful and unexpected outburst of catcalls and hisses that for a moment he quailed. He attempted to obtain a hearing but in vain. He retired but, a few moments later, reappeared when a well-aimed orange struck him. The play proceeded but the noise was so great the lines could not be heard. *Richard III* could only be acted in pantomime, while every now and again amid the hostile cries, an egg or rotten apple would greet some part of the star's body. Finally, a bag of sand struck him on the shoulder and it was under a shower of rotten apples that he acted the dying scene. The final curtain was rung down amid scenes of the wildest disorder.

His reception in Boston was even more violent. The audience hissed him and pelted him with nuts, offensive drugs and other missiles. Unable to make himself heard above the uproar, the actor retired to his dressing-room where he broke down and wept like a child. Meantime, the large crowd that had gathered outside the theatre had become excited to a frenzy and made several assaults upon the building. "The rabble," says Clapp, "began to assail the lamps, the windows and the entrances to the boxes, gallery and pit. A large party succeeded in making a lodgment in the lower lobbies after having been repulsed. The few police officers present were soon overpowered, but the gentlemen of the boxes (who had taken Kean's part) maintained their ground manfully for some time. Mr. Kean having left the house it was difficult to divine the objects of the assailants. The occupants of the pit made a retreat by the stage over the orchestra."

Kean escaped from the theatre before the riot reached its height by passing through an adjoining house which had a door communicating with it. On his return to England, the tragedian retired from the stage for good.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Santa Lucia is a plaintive little ditty which is also cheery. We are glad to hear Ruffo sing it. He can, if anyone can. On the other side he sings Tosti's *Marechiaro*, its half-barbaric measures affording a splendid medium for Ruffo's magnificent baritone.

The minuet of Mozart's which Heifetz records starts out simply and develops into more intricate and state-ly treatments. A companion piece is Schumann's *Widmung* (Dedication), superbly arranged and marvelously played.

MELACHRINO Cigarettes
through their very
fineness have become the
most widely desired ciga-
rette in the world.

ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO
"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"



To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.



“~a mystic braid was wove”

Sir Walter Scott

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is specially prepared to bring back the golden tint of girlhood, or to transform black or dark hair to chestnut, auburn or golden shades. Charming results attained, easily, quickly and safely.

Used by French coiffeurs, especially in New York, for over twenty years.

FREE

CHARLES MARCHAND & Co.

220 West 42nd St., New York

Please send me your booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair."

Name _____

Address _____

A D'ARTAGNAN—One of the best families of Virginia—Known on the Avenue, the Mall, and the Champs-Élysées—The immediate announcement—. A hundred happy thoughts flashed in quick succession. Yet he had not appeared to notice her before tonight.

Yesterday, it must have been true! "You are becoming such a 'drab little thing.' Won't you take a hint?" Those were Marie's very words.

Little did she think that her *confrère's* advice would enlist such a magic wand. What a radiance it gave to her natural charm. Falling across her shoulders, her hair looked like clustered rays of finely spun sunlight. *How different!*

It was he who said only an hour ago, "Tonight, your hair puts me in mind of the gold of Autumn in Versailles!"

If she had given the *raison d'être*, she too would have said, "Thanks to that Parisienne genius, Dr. Charles Marchand!" [Graduate Ecole Centrale Des Arts et Manufactures de Paris.]

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS



NED WAYBURN

"The man who staged the best editions of the Follies and 500 other Reviews, Musical Comedies and Vaudeville Acts"
Complete Courses in All Types of **DANCING**

For Health, Beauty and Grace... for Amateur Theatricals... for Private Home Entertainments

Private Lessons or Classes for Adults or Children
Special Advanced Instruction for Teachers
Children's Classes Saturday Mornings

NED WAYBURN

Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.

1841 Broadway (Entrance on 60th St.) New York City - Phone Columbus 3500
Open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. [except Saturday evenings and Sundays]

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

Devoted to the Staging of Amateur Performances, supplies everything required including Scenery, Costumes, Lighting Effects, Music, etc.

Art Booklet "A" sent on request

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:

Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expression

Fully equips for
ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING

Second Season of our Six Weeks' Teachers' Summer Course in Stage Craft, Play Directing and Advanced Expressional Technique Begins
July 14

Next regular class starts Oct. 27th

Extension Courses in Cooperation with
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-H
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

DRAMA INSTITUTE

of the

Inter-Theatre Arts School
of Acting and Production

Intensive Workshop Course

July 1st to July 30th, 1924

Students will act the plays, make the scenery, execute the costumes and plan the lighting under expert direction.

INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.
42 COMMERCE ST., NEW YORK CITY

Winter Term

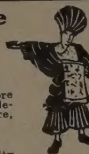
November 10, 1924 to May 8, 1925

School of the Theatre

THRESHOLD PLAYHOUSE

DIRECTORS

Clare Tree Major George Arliss
Walter Hampden Elsie Ferguson
Rachel Crothers Frank Craven
Six months' stock experience before graduation. Dancing, fencing, voice development, pantomime, Shakespeare, playwriting, etc.
Full term opens October 6th
For catalogue address "The Director"
1230 Fifth Ave. New York City



THE PERRY-MANSFIELD CAMP

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.

Professional and Normal Courses in Classic Dancing and its Related Arts. Dramatics, Stage Sets, Costuming, Dyeing, Sculpture. Instruction in Horseback Riding, Swimming, Tennis

BOOKLET UPON REQUEST

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THEATRE

DRAMA OPERA SPEECH
STAGE DANCING
PHOTOPLAY SINGING

The success of Alviene graduates is due to masterful instruction, stock theatre experience while learning. Introducing students to New York audiences, plus an eminent faculty, including Rose Gogham, of Peg Worthington fame; Roy Cochran, late with Ethel and John Barrymore's Claire de Lune Co.; and Claude M. Alviene, who has taught Mae F. Pickford, Laurette Taylor, Eleanor Painter, Taylor Holmes, Dorothy Jordan, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Fred and Adele Astaire, Evelyn Law, Dolly Sisters and others. For information write which study is desired to SECRETARY.
43 West 72nd St. (Ext. 24), New York



Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Reviews, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70, Chicago

The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 60)

liquid. From then on it started going everywhere with us, and though that was only a short time ago, on how many occasions have we rejoiced over its repossession. It went on an overnight journey, for instance, almost immediately after being purchased and how invaluable we found it in the morning. Instead of having to crowd into the women's cubbyhole with the rest we were able by its aid to complete our toilet in the berth, even to the extent of freshening our hands. And we arrived at our destination looking entirely adequate for every purpose.

Then again the preparation went through an evening of long-distance dancing recently and kept us fresh and unshiny . . . and our cheek bumping inadvertently the cheek of our partner, a rather "precious" young man, we were asked what delicious perfume we were using. We told the young man the little history of the preparation, of its being found and used in France by members of his own sex, and consequently if he thought it delicious, he could with entire propriety take it over for his own use. Many men, we understand, are making use of it, with great satisfaction, after shaving . . . And Miss Calvert told me, too, that she uses it in the studio to remove her cinema make-up.

At the studio we were also shown something absolutely, entirely new, along its own lines at least, something that we went into raptures over. This was a set of compacts in the most adorable cases, especially intended for the summer. You could have a pear-shaped case containing both your powder and rouge together, or you could have your powder compact and your rouge in two separate cases, one large, and one smaller. And all three of these cases were made of a celluloid composition that looked like mother-of-pearl. You had the effect of mother-of-pearl, but without its weight. The cases were as light as a feather, unbelievably light, particularly when you took into consideration that each had the usual little mirror in the cover. Moreover, besides the cases in white mother-of-pearl, they came in all the light colors, iridescent blue and pink, lavender, yellow, grey . . . Think how delightful they would be matching summer frocks. There was everything desirable for summer use . . . a light, charming, summery effect in the look of the compact, a color to match a light costume, and actual lightness of weight . . . Of course the powder and rouge in these cases is excellent—trust a cinema star to use nothing but the best—and the perfume delicious. And, here is a very pretty item as well, the cases were most inexpensive, so that you could buy several sets to go with different frocks. In fact that was really the way they were meant to be taken. We feel quite pleased to be telling you about these little mother-of-pearl affairs, because they are so original and delightful and so very, very new . . . We haven't seen them anywhere else, though we have verified since that one or two places in the city and outside are beginning to carry them. Write and let The Vanity Box tell you what they are. You can give all your little friends a real thrill by producing one . . .

Another very interesting beauty "stunt" we heard of yesterday. At one of the best-known beauty establishments on the Avenue, a Russian Princess has been installed. She is a real authentic Princess, Princess Tourkestanous, who was brought up at the court of the late Czar, and who has a special *flair* for perfumes. The chief *raison d'être*, as I understand it, for her present association with the beauty establishment is to preside over a certain exclusive make of French perfumes which the establishment has recently imported. They are very individual perfumes, and it is the mission of the Princess to see that you obtain the one—or ones—that is suited to your personality. To that end if you are here in town it is best to consult her yourself. She will talk with you, sum up your personality and tell you which is "your" perfume. If you are a complex soul you will need two, three, or perhaps four perfumes blended together in an atomizer in certain proportions. Or again you may want a special perfume to go with a special costume . . .

For those who are out of town and cannot meet Princess Tourkestanous in person a small chart has been prepared. You make it out according to your coloring, your height, and so forth, and send it in. From this Princess Tourkestanous can recommend the right perfume atmosphere in which you should live, move, and have your being.

(For the name of the French preparation used by Miss Calvert; the mother-of-pearl compacts; and the beauty establishment specializing in the French perfumes to suit your personality, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Schools On This Page

Each of the schools represented here offer their own special inducements to students with varied objectives and ambitions.

If you aspire to become a stage director, there is a school here that will fit you for that career.

If your talents run to the mechanics of the theatre and play production, to acting, dancing or any of the allied arts of the theatre, you will find open sesame to the achievement of your ambitions in one of the schools represented on this page.

Write them for their literature. It will be sent to you for the asking, and if you need any further information, write to

Theatre Magazine

2 West 45th Street

New York